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MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

There is one bright star in heaven,
Ever shining in my night;
God to me one guide has given,
Like the sailor's beacon light.

Set on every shoal and danger,
Sending out its warning ray
To the home-bound weary stranger
Looking for the land-locked bay.

In my farthest, wildest wanderings
I have turned me to that love,
As a diver 'neath the water
Turns to watch the light above.

From the Dead Past.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRUB," "A BITTER CUP," "LOVER AND LORD," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "A SILVER WEDDING," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI—(CONTINUED).

ROSALIE'S silence and immobility seem to madden the man the more. He shakes the arm he holds, and the delicate slender figure quivers in his grasp; the papers the woman has held mechanically to her breast fall to the ground, and she does not even follow them with her eyes—he does, but does not stoop at once to pick them up, only bends his head till the rough hair that almost conceals his features mingles with the smooth, perfumed dark tresses, and he cries, in tones of savage command—

"Look at me, Rosalie Ferrars, and tell me if you recognize me, and what you think of your work!"

She raises her eyes, sees the unshaven face, the wild eyes, the gaunt skeleton figure—and, in some strange way, sees, side by side with this repulsive picture, another face and form—sees a young handsome man, trim, erect, alert, with eager eyes that look with a world of tender and passionate longing into hers—eyes that worship her! And now——

"My work?" she murmurs.

"Yes, yours—yours only! Have you forgotten it in all these years? Such years for me!"

"No, no—I have forgotten nothing!" Little by little, with the sound of her own voice, the instinct of self-preservation, the consciousness of present things, return to Rosalie. She does not doubt for one second that the desperate man before her is here to keep his vow; but she is not dead yet. She may still cry aloud and bring help—may still reach the door.

Involuntarily she glances towards it, and quick as thought the man has locked it and placed the key in his pocket. She utters a faint cry of terror, and feels a bony hand pressed on her lips.

"Dare to stir or speak, till I give you permission," the man cries savagely, "and I will strangle you on the spot! I was in your power once, and you did not spare me; the tables are turned now, and if I spare you——"

The blank is filled by an adjuration that makes her shudder. He laughs aloud, saying, with brutal mockery—

"Are you so easily shocked, she Judas? Do you still pretend to any faiths, any scruples? Bah! You cannot have any belief in Heaven's justice, or you must have known that you and I were bound to meet again! But you thought you were well rid of me, did you not? You thought me dead?"

"I thought you dead!" she echoes faintly; and her eyes turn to the fallen papers with a betraying look.

He picks them up, unfolds and deliberately reads them through, keeping a careful watch on his prisoner all the time.

And, while he reads, Rosalie racks her brain to find some way of accounting for Brackenbury's strange disappearance, some way of making her own escape. It is horrible—there is even an element of the ridiculous in the idea that she should be a prisoner here, in her own house, with her one true friend somewhere about and her servants within easy call.

She has but to raise her voice to utter one shrill scream and they will come rushing at once to her, and, understanding the extremity of their mistress's peril from the fact that both the doors are locked—— The doors are locked? Yes! And locked in with her is a maddened desperate man, who has vowed to kill her—who looks as though he had come back from the grave to keep that dreadful vow. Her cry might—would bring help no doubt, but it would come too late, for, while the helpers battered at the door and clamored for admittance, those gaunt long fingers would close in a cruel grip about her throat—would close tighter and tighter till her life was choked out.

"Good reading this, and as true as most of the pages of history." The man looks up, with glittering eyes. "I did escape from Portland, Rosalie. I was shot and nearly drowned, but the nearly was not quite. I met with men—bad men they were, nearly as Heaven-forsaken outcasts as myself—but they hid and sheltered me; they did not give me up. Perhaps, because, not being good and virtuous like you—my wife—they had a certain sympathy with crime."

Rosalie hears but hardly understands him. The clock is striking ten. It is time that Beatrix should come, and where can Walter be? He must have strolled out into the garden—must be somewhere near. If, without call or cry from her, he would take alarm at the closed doors and force his way in, she might still be saved, for, absorbed in her and the story of his own death, the man would be little likely to notice any other sound.

"How careful you were to have all the proofs of your freedom," Ferrars goes on, with the same mad mockery—"the Governor's letter, the signed certificate! What trouble you must have taken to procure, and how well you have kept them all this time! By the way, it is a mere coincidence, Mrs. Ferrars, that you have them here to welcome me to-day?"

Rosalie utters a little cry, which he mocks savagely.

"No need to lie to me, my dear. I know why they were brought down—whom you expected to meet in my stead!"

"You know?" she falters, with pale lips, all sorts of horrible possibilities passing before her.

"I know! I met Sir Walter Brackenbury a few minutes ago."

"You met him? Where?"

"On your own threshold, where, for that matter, if you were free to pass out, or even look through that window, which you are not, and never will be again, you might find him still."

"Find him, Sydney Ferrars! You have not—— Tell me what you mean?"

Again he laughs, and raises a long, lean red-stained hand before her eyes.

"Do you know the meaning of that, Rosalie? You know what it is, you have seen my hand red with it before, and the blood-guiltiness then, as it is now, was yours, not mine."

"You have murdered him!"

"Maybe," he answers, with an indifference that is horribly real; "those who find him will have to settle that point. I did not want his life. He was your dupe from first to last, and no doubt he has had to pay dearly for his folly. I only struck him down, as I would have struck down the dearest thing in the world if it stood between me and my revenge—between me and you. And now——"

Rosalie's horrified eyes follow his every moment, and strange and terrible enough his movements are. From one pocket he takes a long-bladed knife, the keen edge of which he tries on his thumb before placing it upon the table; from another a small dark blue bottle, on which the ominous word—Poison is plainly visible, even from the distance at which his prisoner stands. This he fondles with loving care, as he turns to her and says—

"Now to settle the long account between us, and settle it once for all. I will not be put off or sent away; but, considering how long you have been upon my books, and how, through years of toil and torture, I have craved for payment of this debt, you will find me a merciful creditor. My wife, you are to die!"

"Oh, no!"

With a sudden movement she falls upon her knees and drags herself to his feet. The light streams fully upon the pale upturned face, revealing all its agony—upon the white dress, the clasped hands, upon the very picture the man has seen so often in his fevered dreams, and gloats over with savage exultation now.

"Oh, no! You do not, you cannot, mean it, Sydney. You loved me once; you will have some mercy—some pity on me now!"

"What mercy, what pity, had you on me?"

"None, none," she wails, in her abject agony; "but I was mad with shame and pain and fear! You drove me too hard, you had trapped me too cruelly. Sydney, you think and speak always of the wrong I inflicted; do you never remember that which I had to endure? Think of it now—say we are quits!"

"We shall be soon," he says, with an insane laugh—"when you have told me which of the ills we are taught to pray against you mean to choose. Which shall it be, Rosalie—murder or sudden death?"

He touches the knife and the phial alternately, and looks at his prisoner with eyes in which there surely shines the light of murder. She can only shudder and bend her head, with an inarticulate moan of "mercy," "pity," and "forgive."

"Which shall it be, my dear? There is not much time for choice. The knife?" He takes it up and touches it caressingly, but instantly puts its back upon the table, as she starts away with a stifled cry. "Do not be afraid! I always keep my word, and you shall have your choice. The knife will do its work well; but both for your sake and my own I should recommend the dose—the sudden death. Oh, I can recommend that, Rosalie—you will find it so sudden and so sweet. They will think you quietly sleeping when they make an entrance to this room at last—those friends of yours who are so strangely slow in coming to your help—in suspecting anything wrong."

"And how will they find you?" Rosalie cries, stung to desperate energy. "Do you count on a third unpunished murder—a second miraculous escape?"

"I count on nothing; they will find us both dead, Rosalie. I shall only survive you long enough to feel sure that my work is well done. And the manner of our deaths shall be the same. So come—choose for us both. There is enough poison for both—choose the poison, Rosalie!"

His voice grows almost tenderly persuasive; but there is no response from the parted lips.

"I want to choose that, my wife. In the first place, because it will leave you lovely in death, and I have a certain weak tenderness still for that mere physical beauty for which I wrecked my life and sold my soul. And in the second—— Rosalie, do you remember how and when we met?"

"At the theatre, was it not?"

"At the theatre, that strange little booth—it was nothing more, Rosalie—where your beauty and talent were hidden for awhile, where you prepared for your ambitious flight. You were 'Juliet' that night, my wife; I can see you now as I saw you then, in your white dress—your dress is white to-night—with your soft dark hair falling about your graceful shoulders, with your great violet eyes fixed in a will stare of terror, fixed almost as they are fixed now."

"Mercy, mercy!" she cries, with a shudder, as he pauses with a wild laugh; but he does not heed the pitiful cry, only hurries on.

"You held the poison in your hand—you looked at it, shuddered at it, shrank from it, and finally you swallowed it—as, when your first horror is over, you will swallow this. Take it now, Rosalie; play 'Juliet' to my 'Romeo' once more."

He tries to push the bottle into her cold hand; but at his touch her strength and courage revive, she struggles to her feet, claps both hands resolutely behind her and faces him, panting and breathless, with the look of a wild creature at bay.

"I will not! You have wronged me enough. You shall not murder me. You my 'Romeo'! You cheat and thief—you coward!"

The stinging words move him no more than the pitiful ones have done; he looks at her with the same mixture of hatred and admiration in his eyes.

"You are as beautiful as ever, Rosalie, and you are bent on evoking all my reminiscences to-night. I have seen you before look just as you look now—heard you speak just such words. You are right. I was not your 'Romeo;' I was your 'Claude Melnotte,' the jay who decked himself in peacock's feathers and tricked you into a marriage. And how you 'read' your 'Pauline'—how you avenged yourself when the chance came! 'Pauline'—my 'Pauline' was not a proud woman, mastered and taught forgiveness by her love, but a very fiend! Rosalie!"

She has sprung to the closed door and is beating at it with all her strength, bruising her slender fingers, and screaming "Help, help!" till her voice grows harsh. Then there comes the sound of voices and footsteps without. The man knows that he must protract this longed-for delicious hour of his vengeance no more, that he must strike at once. He picks up the knife from the table, and, holding the bottle in one hand and the knife in the other, rushes at the frantic creature at the door, crying—

"All waste, my wife—waste of time and breath, and time and breath are both precious now! No one can help—no one can save you! You are mine, more surely mine than you were on our wedding-day. This is our second sweeter safer bridal. Come, drink to our happiness, Rosalie!"

He thrusts the bottle into her hand. This time she clutches it and flings it from her with all her strength. It strikes the piano, and falls shattered to the ground, while her frantic shrieks for help echo through the room more shrilly than ever.

"Rosalie—what is it?" Trix cries from without. "We are coming! One moment, Rosalie!"

A tremendous blow makes the door shake. The panels are of solid oak and do

not give way, but the wretched woman clinging to the handle of the door is flung off by the shock, falling back into the man's arms, which seize and eagerly encircle her.

"So you have left me no choice; you come to me of your own free will, and know the fate that awaits you?" he says, with a dreadful mockery of tenderness. "For the sake of that late repentance, and of something else to come, I forgive all your sins, Rosalie—all your treachery, all —— Ah, the door is nearly open; there is no time to lose! I forgive all, and seal my pardon—so, on your sweet lips, and—so, my wife!"

He kisses her once, twice, with fierce passion, raises the knife, which glitters for a few seconds in the gas-light, and then is plunged into Rosalie Ferrars' heart, just as the door yields and Charlie Clayden bursts into the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day that has ended in such a horrible fashion has been all through an eventful one for Beatrix Massey. With its earliest hours she received an urgent and affectionate note from Miss Millicent Clayden that pleased and pained and disquieted her all at once.

Half a dozen times she read over the few lines, which seemed so all-important to her, before she could make up her mind whether to accept or decline the invitation they conveyed—

"Dear Beatrix," Miss Millicent wrote, in her kind formal way. "You have deserted your friends at the Hall lately, but I think you keep a place in your heart for them still, and so I ask you to come out and see them again. Little Mollie has a bad feverish cold, and has asked for you so often that I am sure for the dear child's sake you will not refuse to come. Charlie, who has to be in Wilminister quite early, will call for you, and drive you back, so make up your mind to give us a long day. The children send their love and beg you to come. Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Hurst, and tell her she must spare you.

"Your affectionate old friend,

"MILLICENT CLAYDEN."

"I must go!"

Trix raises her head with sudden resolution.

"I cannot let them think me heartless and unkind; and if dear little Mollie wants me and is ill—— Oh, Rosalie shall see the letter! She will say something unkind, but I will not mind that. I will have the courage of my wishes for once, and go."

But when, with flushed cheeks, very bright eyes, and a general aspect of rather defiant determination, Trix sought her sister and stated her purpose, Rosalie made no disagreeable remark, no protest of any kind.

She laughed, indeed, as she read Miss Millicent's note, and, handing it back, said, with a little mocking gleam in her eyes—

"What a kind and considerate aunt! I hope Charlie will be properly grateful in the days to come, Trix?"

Trix was far too conscientious to ask the meaning of the mystic words, far too happy to resent them. She turned and looked out of the window, and Rosalie said carelessly—

"If Mr. Clayden asks you to-day to marry him, Trix—and of course Miss Millicent is trying to make an opportunity for him—I should say 'Yes,' if I were you."

"Rosalie!"

"Beatrix!" Rosalie mimicked the surprise of her sister's tone, then laughed again, and added gently and not unkindly, "I meant it, Trix. I know I discouraged the idea at first, but I am at least reconciled to it now."

"Oh, Rosalie, I am so glad!" Beatrix cried, with impulsive gratitude, then broke off, blushing and laughing at the naivete of her own speech. "I mean——"

"I know very well what you mean," Rosalie answered, still with the same gentleness of manner. "When you come back I shall be quite ready to congratulate you."

"But, Rose," Trix said, oppressed by a vague sense of unreality that makes her doubt whether she and her sister were not talking at cross-purposes and altogether failing to understand one another's words, "nothing is changed, you know; the reasons that made it wrong for me to marry before still exist. You are settling my fate very pleasantly, but yours——"

A curious expression crossed Rosalie's mobile face, as she stayed the other's speech with a half-impatient gesture and said quietly—

"Do not trouble about that, Trix—my fate is fixed. No action of yours can alter it in any way."

"Fixed? Since when, by what, or by whom?"

Rosalie laughed again at her sister's wonder, laughed at her own superstition, real and overmastering though it was, and said—

"By nothing more tangible than a dream! Well, well, yes; I will call it a dream, though it came as a vision and revelation to me—that was it! Well, you know so little of my past life, Trix, you would not understand the dream which forms its happy sequel without a longer story than I have time to tell you just now. I will tell you this. Once, long ago, there was a man who loved me very dearly, and whom I deceived in a cruel fashion. He turned from me with horror when he discovered my deceit; but I think he loves me still. I know he has forgiven me all, for when he came last night——"

"Came last night, Rosalie? There has been no one—no stranger here! And if it were any one I know—— Oh, Rosalie, there is some strange secret between you and Sir Walter Brackenbury! You are not talking of Dolly's——"

"I am talking only of my dream—of people and times of which you know nothing," Rosalie cried, with a swift bright blush, a sudden lustre in her eyes—"the vision that must be fulfilled, Trix! You did not know that I was superstitious; nor did I—until last night."

"But, Rose——"

"But, Beatrix, here is Mr. Clayden in his cart! He has the air of a predestined conqueror. You had better make up your mind to submit, at any rate. You must get on your hat and gloves now."

Trix moved to the door like one in a dream; there she paused however, looked wistfully at her sister's face, then came quickly back and, placing a hand upon Rosalie's shoulder, said, in an unsteady voice—

"Rosalie, even now it shall not be unless you are sure you do not mind. I mean—don't be impatient, dear"—as the other moved a little restlessly under the searching gaze of the honest eyes—"that you must not think you will lose home or money, or be tempted to do anything rash or——"

"I quite understand! You are a good girl, Trix, but you need not trouble yourself with any fears; my plans and my future will be quite uninfluenced by yours, whether you marry Charles Clayden to-morrow, or die a self-sacrificed old maid. Remember that always, my dear, and don't think that, as far as I am concerned, you either helped or hindered the workings of fate."

The words were flippant enough, but the tone was the kindliest Trix had ever heard from her sister's lips; the look that accompanied them was, she thought, the most genuinely affectionate she had ever seen in Rosalie's eyes. She answered it with a grateful kiss.

Half of Trix's pleasant day was over. She had chatted with Miss Millicent, and if she had ever really lost her place in the gracious old lady's favor, she was fully reinstated in it.

"There is half an hour before us still. Come out and look at the roses," Charlie Clayden said, in a half-masterful half-pleasing fashion; and, after a glance at Miss Millicent, a few seconds' shy hesitation, Trix followed him through the open window, knowing that she must follow him in such fashion henceforth to her life's end.

They were both a little dazed and bewildered, as they passed into that paradise of sweet scents and dainty hues of which the Squire was so proud; and so it chanced that neither noticed the uncouth figure curled up on the steps of a small conservatory, and well within hearing of their private discourse. And the man, though he observed them as they passed, did not move, and took no heed of their conversation until he heard a name that he thought would rouse him in his grave, that certainly for the time filled him with frantic energy.

Before they had been three minutes among the roses, Charles Clayden's proposal had been frankly and simply made, and answered as frankly and simply by Trix's honest "Yes." More unromantic wooing and winning there could hardly be; yet, judging by the smiles, blushes, and dimples that made Trix's pleasant face almost beautiful, and the proud light of joy in Charlie's eyes, it was eminently satisfactory to them both.

"And you have have always liked me, Trix? No, you need not answer, my dear, I am sure of it!" Charlie said, squeezing the hand that rested upon his arm. "You shall tell me instead why you have been so dreadfully cold and kept me at a distance so resolutely of late? I know I had an enemy at the Nest."

"You mean Rosalie?"

"Yes. Your sister gave me very plainly to understand that she 'had other views' for you. That I did not mind; but I own it did hurt me when I saw you so readily give me up."

"Not readily," Trix put in, with a little sigh and a fine blush; and Charlie Clayden thanked her, with a very tender smile, though he still persisted.

"So meekly, then, at any rate. I never saw a fine grown young woman play so thoroughly the part of a good obedient little girl. There was a touch of absurdity in the situation too, for you have many advantages over your sister, Trix."

"Too many!" Trix assented, this time with a sadder sigh. "Don't say anything unkind about Rosalie, Mr. Clayden——"

"And pray why not, Miss Massey?" Charlie interjected with much politeness, whereat Trix laughed, and the man on the greenhouse steps bent his shaggy head forward and listened with a horrible light in his bloodshot eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Charlie! But I pity Rosalie always; I cannot bear to hear anything unkind said of her—especially to-day."

"And nothing unkind shall be said or thought, you dear loyal girl! But why especially to-day?"

"Oh, because she was so—so strangely nice to me before I came out," the girl cried, "because I am so happy, dear, and because my happiness can mean only loss and disappointment to her, and she has had so many bitter disappointments to bear in her life."

"Has she?" Charlie asked, a little curiously. "I will take that for granted since you say it, dear; but I know very little of Mrs. Hurst's life."

"And I know little more!" Trix cried. "She never tells me anything; but I know she made some dreadful marriage that almost broke aunt Cary's heart—she was so fond and so proud of Rosalie. I knew nothing at the time, I was a girl at school; but when aunt Cary took me home to live with her she told me Rosalie was a widow, and, though she let her come to the house and told me to see that she did not starve, she left all her money to me."

"But you can share with your sister, Trix."

Trix's eyes filled with tears; she looked away, and said, in a jerky voice—

"No; that is what made me so meek—that is why it seems shameful selfishness to leave her and marry. Aunt Cary's displeasure was so great that she forbade me, under pain of losing all, to even make Rosalie a separate allowance."

Charlie Clayden gave a low whistle of dismay; then, as he saw the cloud of contrition on the girl's face, his own cleared, and he said briskly—

"Don't let that thought trouble your tender conscience, Trix; there is nothing to prevent us arranging settlements in a fashion wholly satisfactory to Rosalie. Oh, there are plenty of loop-holes in most legal documents, my dear! But"—curiosity getting the upper hand again—"do you really know nothing more of Rosalie's romantic story—nothing of Mr. Hurst?"

Beatrix hesitated a few seconds, then said, in a tone of sharp pain—

"I know that his name was not Hurst, but Ferrars—Sydney Ferrars. Aunt Cary mentioned it once by accident, and then was dreadfully angry with herself, and told me to forget all about it; but of course I never did," Trix added, with a naivete that made her lover smile—"because the injunction impressed it upon my mind."

The sharp ring of the dinner-bell reached their ears at that moment, and they hurried back to the house, where Miss Millicent met them on the threshold with an anxious questioning glance, which was quickly followed by a broad smile of satisfaction and delight.

And mean while, out on the high road, a man slowly and painfully made his way towards Wilminster, only pausing once to ask a puzzled passer-by to direct him to the house of a Mrs. Hurst.

* * * * * *

It is three hours later, on reaching home after one of the happiest days and happiest drives Trix has ever had in her life, that she and Charlie Clayden find Sir Walter Brackenbury lying prostrate where he has fallen, and then, attracted by Rosalie's screams for help, rush to the drawing-room door, to find it locked and Rosalie struggling frantically to escape. They burst into the room, and find Rosalie stretched on the floor, and her murderer bending over her in the act of drawing across his own throat the weapon that has taken her life.

* * * * * *

"Quite dead—oh, yes! A most appalling tragedy!" Doctor Knox says. "It will fill the papers for the next few weeks. A more determined murder and suicide I never came across. Sir Walter Brackenbury has had a lucky escape."

"You think his injury not serious then?" Charlie Clayden asks, thankful for even the small crumb of comfort this affords; but the Doctor shakes his head.

"It is bad enough, but with a good constitution he has at least a chance. And so, compared with poor Mrs. Hurst, he may be considered lucky, I suppose."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost and Won.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

THE 25th of March 182— was marked by a thaw succeeding a severe frost of three weeks' duration. At Lenham Court, a mansion fifteen miles or so from London, on the west side, great inconvenience and some damage had been caused by the bursting of a water-pipe during the day.

In especial, one room was rendered so damp that its usual occupant "Spencer"—Lady Brown-Salter's lady's-maid—was compelled to change her sleeping-place. Instead of sharing one of the housemaid's beds, she chose, with her Ladyship's permission, to make up a bed for herself in the small room, or large cupboard, situated at the end of the corridor which runs through the whole breath of Lenham Court on the first story.

It was a room used to store trunks and boxes in, and Spencer placed some of these as a foundation for her couch. Many of these trunks had made the voyage of India and back, for Colonel Sir William Brown Salter had distinguished himself not a little in John Company's service. There had been much extra work for all the servants at Lenham Court that day, and it was late before Spencer retired to her cupboard.

On getting into her bed she found her novel couch by no means so comfortable as it looked. It had to be rearranged; but on extinguishing her candle a second time, she found herself as far from sleep as ever. While she twisted and turned, she heard the stable clock strike two; and immediately afterwards she became conscious of a subdued sound outside her door.

Remembering the jokes at her expense at the supper-table about the size of her bed-chamber, it occurred to Spencer that her fellow-servants might be going to play her a trick, or indulge in some practical joke. So she slid from her uneasy couch, and removing the key from the lock—she had locked herself in on coming to bed—she applied her eye to the key-hole.

The door, as we have said, faced directly the whole length of the corridor; about two yards from her stood a man, but not one of her fellow servants; he held a lighted candle in one hand, shading it with the other so as to cast the light now here, now there. His face was concealed by a mask of black crape, and he was listening intently.

A breathless minute or two passed, and, as if by magic, there were two or three other men in the corridor, all masked in crape, behind which their eyes shone in the candle gleams. They went and came and consulted, noiseless as so many spectres. In and out of the rooms, locking doors softly behind them, now ascending to the third story, now descending to the basement; now the one holding and shadowing the candle was left alone again.

Spencer drew back from the keyhole a moment, trying to think if there was anything she could do. Sir William's room gave on the corridor—he must be murdered, thought poor Spencer, or surely she would have heard some sound, for he often sat late reading, and it was round his door that the thieves were clustered. He was a passionate man and a powerful, beloved by his servants for his bounty, though feared on account of his temper.

Surely he would have made a fight for it, if he had not been taken at some cruel disadvantage. What could she do? The alarm-bell, if she could muster courage to try and get to it, was quite at the other end of the house. Applying her eye once more to the keyhole, she was terrified to find not only darkness, but in the darkness, some one breathing close to the door.

Then the handle brushed her cheek as it was softly turned, and lock and hinges were strained by the silent pressure brought to bear on them to such a degree that instinctively she drew back, expecting the door to be forced in upon her. The door creaked as the pressure relaxed, and just then the stable clock struck three.

As the minutes passed and silence was unbroken, Spencer gathered courage to look from her spying-place.

The watchman stood alone, candle in hand, in his former place. She became stiff and cold at her post; nothing moved that she could hear or see, except that the man trimmed his candle now and then with his fingers, and turned his head watchfully from side to side, his eyes gleaming behind his mask, and seeming now and again to fix themselves on her lurking-place.

At a low whistle from the basement, he and his light vanished together. Taking the precaution to stop up the keyhole, Spencer struck flint and steel till she obtained a light, then huddled on a few clothes, inserted the key, turned it, stood one minute outside, in silence and darkness, then snatching up her candle, made a rush for the only open door in the corridor—it was her master's.

Bound hand and foot to a chair, and gagged, was Sir William. The room was in the wildest confusion—boxes, caskets, chests, all turned upside down, and their contents scattered indiscriminately on the floor.

Her Ladyship was in bed, bound and gagged too. With nimble fingers Spencer set to work to free her master.

No sooner was this accomplished, than, speechless and foaming at the mouth, Sir William staggered out of the room, and, to her dismay, she heard him descend the stairs.

Having released her mistress, the lady's-maid next hurried to the rooms of her fellow-servants, on all of whom the keys had been turned after they had been threatened with instant death if they uttered a sound.

They were soon released; and the men-servants descended in a body to the ground-floor in search of their master.

Here everything was in disorder. On the dining-room table were the remains of the thieves' supper; but Sir William as will as the depredators had vanished.

The groom returned from the stables with the news that his master's favorite hunter was missing. There was no doubt now that he had gone single-handed in pursuit of the thieves—as was indeed the case.

Concluding that they were from London and were returning thither, Sir William had saddled his hunter and started without an instant's delay, save to arm himself with a couple of pistols from the stand of arms in the hall.

When he reached the head of the avenue, three-quarters of a mile from the house, he dismounted to open the heavy gates. Then he perceived, in the dawning light of the chill March morning, a strange dog sitting shivering inside the gates, unable either to surmount or pass under them.

He concluded at once that the cur belonged to his late visitors, and that, having stayed behind, either for his supper or in search of game, his retreat had been cut off by the closing of the gates.

He resolved to follow the clue thus given him, and was confirmed in his resolution when, the gates being opened, the animal scoured away, with his nose to the ground, in the direction of London.

Away went the dog, and away galloped Sir William, keeping an eye upon him always. It was broad daylight when the three reached the outskirts of London, and Sir William was hailed by a voice he knew well. It was that of the Major of his late regiment.

"Hullo! Colonel, where are you off to so early?" Major Higgins was on his way home after a night's play at Brooks's.

"Turn your horse's head and I'll tell you," returned Sir William through his set teeth. The idea of communicating his losses and the indignity, he, an old soldier, had suffered, sufficed to make the blood, which his swift ride had kept at fever heat, boil again.

Major Higgins did as desired; and putting his horse to the gallop, received, in as few words as possible, the news of the night's occurrences at Lenham Court, as he and his old Colonel made their way side by side through Oxford Street and the Strand, never once losing sight of the mongrel that was, he fancied, to be the clue to the recovery of his property.

Dodging and winding his way among market carts and hackney-coaches, the dog, never once relaxing his speed, diverged into by-streets and lanes, until he disappeared up a court in Leather Lane.

Dismounting, and giving their horses in charge to a lad, and having impressed a watchman into their service, they advanced up the court in single file.

Sir William led the way, a cocked pistol in either hand; Major Higgins, who came next, was unarmed; the watchman brought up the rear in a leisurely way, that showed him by no means thirsting for the fray.

Doorway after doorway was examined, but the cur seemed literally to have vanished. In an angle of the cul-de-sac into which they had entered, Sir William at last discovered an outside wooden staircase.

Despite the remonstrances of his companions, he persisted in creeping cautiously up the crazy stairs.

There, curled up at the door, and apparently fast asleep, lay the clue who had so faithfully but unconsciously guided him to his master's lair.

A summons to open the door met with no response. Sir William, to whom anger and excitement gave additional energy, put his knee to the door, and bidding Major Higgins "Duck!" as he did so. The door yielded with a crash; a shot passed over the lowered heads of the two officers, and took effect in the cocked-hat of the watchman.

A short scuffle, and the thieves saved their lives by surrendering at discretion to Sir William's pistols. On a table in their midst was spread out the whole of the "swag;" not an article was missing. A presentation sword of Sir William's, the hilt of which was thickly crusted with gems, was the only part of the booty that met with ill usage; but every diamond, ruby or emerald that had been knocked from its socket still lay on the worm eaten table, and was, before many days were past, restored to its accustomed bed.

A few bruises and dints in the metal-work of the hilt remained, and these Sir William would show with great glee in after-days, telling how the good sword was lost and won; while, as to the dints and notches on the blade, gained in a more legitimate warfare, the good Colonel could scarce ever be got to speak a word.

WHERE PRICELESS GEMS ABOUND.—The diamonds, set and unset, in the Sultan's collection, would fill a peck measure, while there are pearls by the thousand, and precious stones of every kind by the hundred. One of the emeralds is as big as your fist, and there are bowls full of uncut stones of all shapes and sizes.

There is fully a cart-load of gold plate, and some of the gold basins are large enough for a baby's bath-tub. These are surrounded by plates, cups and saucers, tureens and pitchers of solid gold. Here, also, is the cradle in which a half-dozen Sultans have been rocked in their infancy. It is of solid gold, with its outside set in pearls, diamonds, and rubies, and stands rather low on its curiously shaped rockers.

In the palace of the King of Siam the throne-room is lined with gold trees and gold bushes; the leaves of these are of pure gold, while their trunks are heavily plated. The ceiling of this room is at least thirty feet high, and there are, perhaps, a score of these trees on each side of the room, ranging in height from that of a Christmas-tree down to a currant-bush.

There is in one of the Buddhist temples of this Siamese king an idol of solid gold. This gold image is the famed emerald idol. Its head and neck are covered with precious stones. It is twelve inches high and eight inches wide, and the pure gold of which it is made is mixed with jewels.

It is the most costly idol in the world, in proportion to its size, and all the ladies of the King's harem bend their knees before it at certain times every year. The King never sits in the presence of this idol, and his nobles drink allegiance to him under its shadow.

The imperial treasure chamber of Austria, where the bridal jewels of Marie Antoinette are kept, contains, among other curiosities, pearls set in all shapes and forms. There are little images of men, the bodies of which are formed of pearls; one large pearl of regular shape making the trunk, two long, slim pearls forming the legs, other slim pearls serving as arms, and a round solitaire on the top as a head.

The formation of the pearl is so varied, that by the use of a little gold almost anything can be made of it, and the objects are wonderfully life-like. Here are turtles made of pearls, which are as natural as though they had been sculptured out of marble and trimmed with gold. Here is a hippopotamus, the body of which is made of pearl, and the other parts of gold and enamel. The eyes of all these curios are of diamonds, and they are, perhaps, the costliest little animals ever known.

ABOUT CONDIMENTS.

Garlic is used both in hot and temperate climates. It was cultivated in ancient Egypt. Garlic is eaten to a much greater extent than the onion by the natives of India and Spain, the aggregated white bulb or cloves being offered for sale in every bazaar.

A considerable demand has lately sprung up here for garlic oil and garlic vinegar for sauces, pickles, and seasoning. Garlic was formerly held in great repute in medicine, but is seldom employed now in England, although so used in the United States. The cloves of garlic steeped in rum form a favorite remedy among country-people for the whooping-cough, the infusion being rubbed into the skin of the patient's loins. A clove of garlic or a few drops of the juice introduced into the ear are also believed to be highly efficacious in atonic deafness.

Rocambole, the sand-leek, the Spanish garlic of Europe and North Africa, resembles in some respects garlic, in others, shallot.

Among the ancients, condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be in chief demand. Amongst these, asafœtida—which is to-day highly relished in Persia and the East—was an indispensable ingredient; and it is even now used moderately by cooks in Europe, to give flavors to some meats and dishes. A few words on these alliaceous gum resins of Asia may be interesting.

The gum resinous exudation known as asafœtida, obtained in Persia from several species of Ferula, is largely consumed here and in India. It has a nauseous alliaceous smell, but loses some of its odor and strength by keeping. It is locally known as Anguzi; and in India the pure drug is called Hing, and the coarser kind Hingra. India seems to be the principal consumer, as the imports there range from seven to nine thousand hundredweight annually. It is much used by the Hindus as a flavoring for food, being a favorite ingredient in thier curries sauce for pillaus, etc., on account of its stimulant stomachic properties.

The Turkomans are very fond of the young shoots dipped in vinegar. Its uses in Persia are very numerous, especially as a medicine.

There are people there who are so accustomed to its use for nervous complaints, that it is like opium to the opium-eaters, one of the necessaries of life. Its excellent anti-spasmodic qualities are too little known and appreciated in Europe.

The liquid form of asafœtida has from the remotest times been held in great estimation by Eastern doctors, and was once regarded as worth its weight in silver.

It is highly esteemed as a carminative and condiment, also as an anti-spasmodic. If taken daily it is said to prevent the attacks of malarious fever.

Galbanum is a product of Syria and Khorasan. Liquid Persian galbanum is derived from an undescribed species of Ferula; several of this genus of plants furnish gum resins of an alliaceous odor. Certain others yield the exudation known as sagapenum. It is met with in the form of yellow-brown or reddish agglutinated grains, of garlic odor, intermediate between asafœtida and galbanum, and of acrid bitter taste, softening with the warmth of the hand. When heated, it evolves a peculiar smell, partaking of garlic and juniper, which is neither so powerful nor so disagreeable as that of the fetid gum.

LOVE.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is the noblest attribute of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is lulled into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into pensive meditations of all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

"MAMMA," said Willie, looking up from the letter upon which he has been industriously at work for some time. "How do you make an X? I want write the word vaccinate."

Bric-a-Brac.

THEY HAVE BATH-MONEY.—Among the Turks bath-money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld, she has only to go before the cadi, and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed, it is a ground for divorce.

IN CHINA.—One of the sights of China is the antique bridge of Suen-tchen-fow, 2500 feet long and 20 feet wide. It has on each side 52 piers, upon which huge stones are laid, some of them 20 feet long. Many thousand tons of tons were used in the erection of this wonderful bridge, which is regarded by engineers as indicating constructive talent as wonderful as that which raised the Egyptian pyramids.

LUNCH, LUNCHEON.—The following passage occurs in Best's "Personal and Literary Memorials," 1829, page 307: "The word 'lunch' is adopted in that 'glass of fashion,' Almack's, and 'luncheon' is avoided as unsuitable to the polished society there exhibited." When I was a boy, in the forties, I was in the habit of saying "lunch," but was sternly corrected, being told that "luncheon" was the "genteel" word.

NIGHT FOR GROWTH.—A scientific writer says that night is the time which nature utilizes for the growth of plants and animals; children, too, grow more rapidly during the night. In the daytime the system is kept busy disposing of the waste consequent on activity, but while asleep the system is free to extend its operations beyond the mere replacing of worn-out particles, hence the rapid growth. This is why invalids need so much rest and sleep.

THE GREAT WALL.—The great wall of China was recently measured by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer engaged on the survey for a Chinese railway. His measurement gave the height 18 feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower 25 feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. For 1300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, every foot of the foundation being of solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or crosses a precipice where there is a sheer descent of 1000 feet.

NEWTON'S MAGNET.—A magnet which the great Sir Isaac Newton wore as a set in his finger ring is said to have been capable of raising 746 grains, or about 250 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence of its phenomenal power. One which formerly belonged to Sir John Leslie, and which is now in the Royal Society's collection at Edinburgh, has still greater powers. It weighs but little more than Newton's curiosity—even 3½ grains—yet it is capable of supporting 1560 grains, and is therefore, the strongest magnet of its size in the world.

STREET NAMES.—In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a London street was newly formed, its name and date were frequently recorded on a tablet built into the wall of a corner house. The houses themselves were also sometimes distinguished by initials, names or dates, either placed like the street tablets or on a rainpipe or inside the building. Some of these relics still survive, but there is constant danger of their destruction, for every year many old houses are levelled with the ground, and streets, once important, cease to exist, are merged in other streets, or lose their importance by being renamed.

THE DIAMOND.—Sir Robert Ball, in one of his popular addresses, described the diamond as consisting of an enormous number of separate molecules, swinging to and fro among themselves at a rate of some millions of vibrations a second, all in action together, and quivering with the shocks of impact. The cause of the diamond's extreme hardness and impenetrability is that when a steel point is pressed against it the active molecules batter that point with such vehemence and rapidity that it cannot get beneath the crystalline surface. In cutting glass the molecules of the diamond drive the molecules of the glass before them, or mow them down like a mitrailleuse.

A SHORT WAY WITH THEM.—A hint on the domestic question—how to get the girls married—is contained in the following: A thriving trader in Wisconsin, with eleven daughters, succeeded, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, in marrying them all off in six months. A friend of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him to obtain the secret of his success, when the latter informed him he had made it a rule, after a young man had paid attention to one of his girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and request him to choose between death and matrimony! "You can imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred."

NELL—"How did your theatricals go off?" Belle—"Oh, splendidly, only we didn't have enough rehearsals." Nell—"Didn't you know our parts?" Belle—"Yes, we were all right. But it was the audience. They forgot when to laugh."

VISITANTS.

BY A. L. S.

They come to me at dawn of day
With whisperings of long ago,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

With notes of a forgotten lay,
That once so well I used to know,
They come to me at dawn of day.

And when in dusky aisles I pray,
They come on wings of music low,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

In scented blossoms of the May,
In winds that through my lattice blow,
They come to me at dawn of day.

They came from regions far away,
On summer showers or flakes of snow,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

Through everything I do or say,
Some tokens of their presence flow;
They come to me at dawn of day,
And haunt me in the twilight gray.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

NOW even the softest-hearted ship boy is not in the habit of shedding tears when he is chaffed, and the appearance of that crystal drop positively startled Senly Tyers. His keen eyes scanned the handsome face—too delicately beautiful in all its features for a boy's—and then fell upon the hands with which Nora clutched the photograph album.

A doubt, a suspicion, a merely nebulous suspicion rose in his mind; but vague and impossible as it seemed, it sent the blood to his face and made his heart leap.

He bent forward slightly and, his whole tone and manner altered, he murmured—

"Forgive me! I have pained you. I did not intend to do so. But I am afraid I have offended you past forgiveness!"

The tear dropped unseen as Nora fondly hoped, and she forced a smile.

"Oh, no you haven't!" she said, as boyishly as she knew how. "But I don't care about talking of my sea life; I wasn't happy, and——"

"Of course, of course," he murmured sympathetically. "I quite understand. It was very thoughtless and inconsiderate of me. I won't mention it again."

He was silent a moment or two, then he said—

"Are you fond of pictures, Mr. Mortimer?"

"Yes, very," said Nora, with an eagerness which she attempted to subdue.

"I am glad of that," said Senley Tyers. "I shall be very pleased if you will come and see some of mine. Ask your Cousin Tempest to bring you."

Nora thanked him, but rather coldly; she had no desire to go to Mr. Senley Tyers' studio, even though it might contain the most beautiful pictures in the world.

"I am painting a portrait of Lady Florence, as you may have heard," he went on; "and I should like you to see that, and hear your opinion of it. She is very beautiful, don't you think?"

His keen eyes watched Nora's face closely as he spoke.

Nora raised her head and looked at Lady Florence absently. She and Vane were seated on an ottoman—Lady Florence talking, Vane listening. It was evident that she was trying her hardest to amuse and interest him, and every now and then Vane leant back and laughed shortly; and at such moments a look of gratification softened Lady Florence's proud expression.

As Nora watched them, watched the exquisite smile which Lady Florence bent upon the unconscious Vane lounging on the ottoman in his usual rather indolent manner, a look came into Nora's face which possibly Senley Tyers had been waiting for.

"They are very old friends," he murmured.

"Yes?" assented Nora, as carelessly as she could, but her voice sounded dry and forced.

"Lady Florence is perhaps the most beautiful woman in London," he went on in soft, reflective tones, almost, as if he were communing with himself rather than addressing his remarks to Nora. "She breaks hearts wherever she goes. I suppose you are already head over heels in love with her, Mortimer?"

Nora started slightly.

"I!" she exclaimed, almost harshly; then she hastened to assume her feigned character, and added with a forced laugh, "Oh, yes. I fell in love with her at once."

Senley Tyers smiled and nodded.

"That is the way with us all. Unfortunately we cannot all be Vane Tempests, and so——" he shrugged his shoulders, "we have to love hopelessly."

Nora's brows came together.

"Is he——" she paused. "Is he in love with her?" she asked almost under her breath, as if the question caused her pain.

"How could he help it?" responded Senley Tyers. "Could you, if you were sitting there where he is sitting, and Lady Florence were looking at you and smiling as she is smiling now?"

Nora scarcely breathed; it seemed as if someone had suddenly stabbed her. She looked at Vane, and something in his negligent attitude and careless laugh seemed to comfort her and dispel the sharp pain which Senley Tyers' question had caused her.

"I don't believe——" she said involuntarily; then stopped.

"Ah, well, perhaps not," said Senley Tyers. "They say that it is always a case of loving or being loved; no one gets back the love he or she gives. It's a matter of fate. By the way, do you believe in fate, Mortimer?"

He put the question carelessly and casually enough, but he had been carefully leading up to it, and it had something more behind it than Nora suspected.

"Fate?" she said, with a little frown. "I don't know."

"Do you believe that our lives are allotted out to us—that we are bound to do certain things whether we like them or not?"

Nora raised her eyes to his with a puzzled frown.

"I don't know," she said. "Who can tell whether there is any truth in that? Nobody can know."

He smiled.

"Well," some say they can tell your fate. The gipsies, for instance; and not the gipsies. Palmistry is quite fashionable now."

"What is that?" she asked.

"The art of telling your fortune by the lines and marks in your hands," he said smoothly. "It is quite a science and some go so far as to say that it is one of the oldest in existence. The Egyptians believed in it, and were adept at it; and a great many persons assert that it as old as the Flood. I am surprised you have not heard of it. You come from the West Coast, don't you?"

It was an arrow shot at a venture; but it went home.

"Yes," assented Nora, thrown off her guard by the careless way in which the question was put.

"I should have thought the good people down at Trelorne would have been well up in all that kind of thing; country people, especially in remote places, are generally superstitious."

"I don't often go to Trelorne. I don't know anyone there," said Nora.

Senley Tyers kept back the gleam of satisfaction that shot into his eyes as he thought: "So Vane found this cousin of his down at that place in the West, did he?"

"I'll show you what I mean," he went on rather languidly. He held out his hand, palm upwards, and pointed to the lines. "See there, that line is the line of life; that is the line of matrimony, and that is the line of fortune. Anyone well up in this business would rattle off my fate or fortune in no time, and sentence me to a long life or a short one, almost with their eyes shut. Let me see your hand."

Quite unsuspectingly Nora held out her hand.

Senley Tyers took it in his, and bent over it with an earnestness which was not all assumed.

Of the science of palmistry he knew absolutely nothing; but in the course of his profession he had made a study of the human hand, and always gained praise from the critics for his manner of painting it.

He looked at the small brown hand in silence for a moment, and Nora, who was gazing at it also, did not see that his face had gone suddenly pale, and that a look of triumph and gratified cunning glowed in his eyes.

No man's hand, however well-shaped and smooth and white, is like that of a woman; and one who has made the hands a study can distinguish them after a very slight examination.

"I should say you had a very pleasant life before you," he said, smiling up at her. "You are a lucky young man, if I know anything of the art of fortune-telling by the hands. There is only one thing you have to guard against, Mortimer," and he laughed.

"What is that?" said Nora, with a rather contemptuous glance from her palm to his face.

"A fair woman with golden hair and violet eyes," he said half gravely. "Be on your guard against her or she will bring you bad luck, my dear boy!"

Nora drew her hand away, and as she did so Vane glanced over his shoulder at them.

"Your cousin and Mr. Tyers appear to be getting on very well together," remarked Lady Florence. "He seems a very nice boy."

Vane's manner changed in a moment. Lady Florence had kept him so much amused that he had for the short time he had been listening to her almost forgotten Nora's presence; but in an instant his fearful responsibility came crowding back upon him.

"Oh yes, yes," he said.

Lady Florence looked at him. She was quick to notice every every expression of his face and tone of his voice.

"You spoke as if you were not very fond of him," she said with a smile. "Perhaps you find him just a little of a bore. And yet I should have thought you would have liked to have him with you; he is company for you, and I should fancy you find your solitude rather dull at times."

Vane colored.

"Yes, oh yes," he assented. "Oh, I like to have him with me; but of course he is rather a responsibility," he said, mentally wondering what Lady Florence would say if she knew how grave the responsibility really was. What would she say? he thought. Would she scream aloud, or faint on the spot, if Nora's secret and his—yes, it was his also—were suddenly told to her?

"You must let us take him off your hands sometimes," she said. "I have taken a fancy to him; he seems such a quiet, modest boy. Did you notice how amiable papa was with him? And as a rule papa is not over pleasant to boys. We must do something to amuse him."

"Yes. Thanks," said Vane. "But I mustn't let you or Lord Warlock be bored by my—my juvenile relations."

"Oh, he won't bore me in the least!" she said. Would he never understand that she was ready to love anything that belonged to him, the very dog that had received a caress from him? "I rather like boys; at any rate they are better than young girls, for they are generally a mass of affectation."

"Are they?" said Vane absently.

"Oh, you wouldn't notice it, of course; men do!" said Lady Florence half pityingly. "Yes, I am afraid I shouldn't feel so friendly towards Mr. Mortimer if he were a young girl. How good looking he is! He is not a bit like you, Mr. Tempest."

"Thanks, thanks very much," said Vane, attempting a careless levity.

"It wasn't much of a compliment!" she said with a smile. "But I meant—that he was so much darker, and that his features were unlike yours. But you say that there is not much relationship?"

"No, not much," he assented.

At that moment Lady Florence, catching Nora's eye, nodded and beckoned with her fan.

Nora rose at once, and crossing to her stood with her hands folded, her eyes downcast.

Lady Florence looked up at her with a languid but pleasant smile; she was always at her best when Vane was near, and when she had been with him for some little time.

"We have been talking about you, Mr. Mortimer," she said.

Nora raised her lids and glanced from Lady Florence to Vane, who leant back nursing his knee and trying to look—as he certainly did not feel—quite at his ease.

"Yes, Lady Florence," said Nora.

"Yes, I was telling Mr. Tempest that he must let me help him to amuse you and show you something of London. Would you care, for instance, to go to the theatre? Or rather you could take me. Oh, you need not look at Mr. Tempest for permission," she added with languid amusement as Nora's dark eyes flashed a quick glance interrogation at Vane.

Vane colored and nearly dropped his leg from his clasped hands, but Nora did not wince in the slightest.

"Thank you very much, Lady Florence," she said. I should like it. I have never been to a theatre."

Lady Florence stared with faint surprise.

"No? Then it will be a treat for both of us." She turned her eyes to Vane. "It will be amusing to witness his astonishment," she said. "When shall we go? Let me see, we are engaged to-morrow. The night afterwards? Will you come, Mr. Tempest? Papa will perhaps condescend to chaperone me for a few minutes, but I shall in reality place myself under the protection of Mr. Mortimer, if he will kindly undertake the charge," and she smiled up at Nora.

Nora bent her head.

"Yes, I will take care of you," she said, so solemnly that Lady Florence laughed in her listless, languid fashion; then, suddenly, the laugh died away, and her eyes drooped—Senley Tyers had come up behind Nora.

"I have come to say 'good-night,' Lady Florence," he said in conventional tones, "and to thank you for a very pleasant evening. I will not disturb Lord Warlock, who is, I trust, enjoying well-earned repose"—he glanced at the still sleeping earl. "Did I hear you planning a visit to the theatre? I fancied I caught the word."

"Yes," said Lady Florence in a kind of suppressed voice.

"May I inquire the date? I ask because a friend has placed a box at the Lyceum at my disposal for one night this week."

"It is the night after next," said Lady Florence in the same constrained voice.

"How fortunate!" he said. "It is the very night. Please let me place it, at your disposal. Don't hesitate. I cannot use it, for I am engaged, and it is a pity to waste a good box, especially when all London is fighting for a seat."

"Thank you," she said, without raising her eyes, which she still kept lowered even while he shook hands.

He nodded to Vane in the half-careless fashion which obtains nowdays, and left the room.

"There goes a good fellow!" said Vane, looking after him; "and clever, too!"

"Yes, he is very clever," said Lady Florence slowly.

The "good and clever fellow" paced along by the side of the Park with a peculiar expression in his face. There was the triumph in it which is the reward of successful cunning, but there was also the frown of acute and profound perplexity.

"Vane my friend," he muttered, "you must be either the most consummate scoundrel or the biggest idiot that ever lived. Which is it, I wonder? By heaven, I think it must be an idiot! Why, one false step, one unguarded word, and your volcano would explode under your feet. And she—great heaven, she can only be a mere child! But what pluck, what audacity! Who is she? I must find that out. Steady, my dear Senley, steady. Hitherto, until this very night, indeed, you have been groping in the dark, feeling your way, step by step, like a blind man; but to-night I think Fate has dealt you a hand that ought to win the game if you only know how to play it. How to play it; that is the question!"

With the question working in his acute brain he reached Mount street and ascended to his studio. Flinging his dress Inverness on a chair, he lit a cigarette and paced up and down, still softly biting his lip in the short intervals of smoking and staring at the carpet. Once he stopped before Lady Florence's portrait, and, as he looked at it, drew the paper she had signed from his pocket and shook it at the painted face half triumphantly, half defiantly.

"You proud beauty!" he murmured softly through his half-parted lips. "You beautiful tigress! I fancy I shall cage you yet. But how?"

He turned from the portrait, and fell to pacing the room again. Then suddenly he stopped, a sharp and swift change in his face. He went with a quick step to the bookcase, rapidly ran his eye along the shelves, and taking down a volume threw himself into a chair, and with feverish impatience turned over the leaves. It was a treatise on the Marriage Laws.

He found what he wanted at last, and read and re-read the lines.

Then, with a calm that was ominous, he rose, and the book clasped in his hand, stretched himself as a man stretches himself after a tremendous mental or physical strain.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I shall win."

CHAPTER XXI.

ONE can get used to anything: to wearing an iron fetter round the ankle; to going about in thick shoes; to paying the income-tax. And again, one grows accustomed to the most extraordinary

phenomena. The steam engine and the electric telegraph have ceased to throw us into a state of uneasy excitement. It is all a matter of habit. In a few days, strange as it may seem, Vane had grown accustomed to Nora's presence and her masculine garb, and in a few days the dread of detection, which had at first amounted to a positive agony, grew less and almost, indeed, disappeared.

He did not stumble and stammer when he addressed her as "Ernest," and he ceased to watch her every movement, when they were in the company of other persons, with the fearful attention which at first rendered such moments almost unendurable. And with his usual light-hearted, devil-may-care nature, he had put off the question "What is to be done with her?" The question, of course, did arise at odd moments, but he laid it aside, thrust it off "to a more convenient season." He told himself that it was too late to send her away; it had been too late after the first night; and so he let the matter drift. It is scarcely too much to say that that she was not the boy she pretended to be.

And as the days passed by he found himself growing strangely happy. He had, notwithstanding his club, his amusements, and his host of friends, spent a somewhat solitary life. A bachelor must necessarily do so. He eats his breakfast in loneliness and silence; there are many times during the week in which he feels dull, and hungers for someone to look at and to speak to. That is why bachelors always like a cat or a dog about their rooms, and some have been known to descend even to a canary.

Now, every morning there was Nora facing him at the breakfast table; Nora, with her clear, beautiful eyes and soft voice and ready ripple of laughter; Nora to talk to about some pleasure-trip for the day; Nora with whom to discuss the events of yesterday.

Got used to her! All unconsciously she was becoming a part of his life, was creeping deeper and deeper into his heart.

If she went out for a walk and stayed out a little longer than she had led him to except he got reckless and impatient, and although he did not know it and would not have admitted it, he was quite ready to be jealous of the attentions which Lord Wal and the other young fellows were always paying her.

For "Ernest Mortimer" was extraordinarily popular with everyone. Lord Wal was never so happy as when he could get him to dine at the club, and play billiards, or drive with him in the four-in-hand, which ran away with so much of Lord Wal's rapidly vanishing fortune; and even Glossop, the epicurean, would cut choice morsels from the joint and select dainty dishes for "that young cub of Tempest's."

Nora received all these attentions with becoming modesty, and never for a moment forgot her part of ran into danger. Perhaps she, too, had almost begun to believe herself to be the character she assumed.

She learnt her way about the West-end of London in a remarkably short time, and she soon grew accustomed to wandering about alone. Sometimes she got up early and walked in the park and through the less frequented streets, and so all unconsciously, she was educating herself. But she made a more definite attempt to gain that knowledge which we are told is better than house and lands—though most of us use our knowledge for the sole end of gaining these things. On the day after the dinner party at Lady Florence's she returned from a walk with a copy-book and sundry elementary school works; and with a blush laid them before Vane, who was sitting by the fire with his newspaper and a cigarette, but thinking of the danger and perils of the preceding night rather than reading.

"Hallo!" he said, "where have you been, and what are these?"

"Look at them," she said, rather shyly. "It was some time before I could find the proper shop for them, and then I was almost afraid to ask for them. The woman thought I wanted them for my little brother." She laughed faintly. "I want to learn to read and write at once. How soon do you think I shall be able to? Not before I go to the theatre to-morrow night?"

Vane laughed and turned over the copy-book and primer.

"Not quite so soon, I'm afraid," he said. "But we'll see."

"You said you'd help me," she suggested timidly.

"Right you are!" he assented; "though I'm afraid I shan't be much of a schoolmaster. I want such a sight of teaching myself. Anyhow, I shall have a quick pupil. Now let's see."

She drew a chair beside him, and with a gravity which was more than ludicrous, Vane Tempest, who had been more than once called the fastest man in London, set to work to teach the alphabet and pot-hooks and hangers to the wild child of Nature, who had crept under his protecting wing with the simple trustfulness of innocence.

If anyone had told him a week ago that the performance would not have bored him to death he would have contradicted them flatly; but to his inward surprise he found the lesson almost as interesting to himself as it was to Nora. Almost, not quite; for she strove to master the initial difficulties of our extraordinary and heart-breaking language with an intense and feverish eagerness. He found himself watching her covertly as she bent over the books; and the sweet beauty of her profile, the tender lips, the long dark lashes that swept her cheek, the grave seriousness of her expression stole over him like a charm.

She happened to look up once as his eyes were fixed on her, and the color crept into her face.

"You are tired of it?" she said. "How good you are to me! There never was a kinder brother than I've got!"

"Oh, it's all right!" said Vane, awakened from a kind of dream by her voice. "No, I'm not a bit tired; and I should be a queer kind of brother if I refused to help you in such a little business as this. And I say, how quick you are! I don't know about your learning to read and write by to-morrow night, but you precious soon will!"

She sighed and laughed softly as she thrust her small brown hand through her hair meditatively.

"Do you think so? I am very glad. I see now that to work and earn money in this great London one must know things, and I know nothing." She pondered for a moment; then she said: "Would you rather I did not go to the theatre to-morrow? I can stay at home and get on with these."

"No, no," he said promptly; for, to tell the truth, he had been looking forward to the pleasure of witnessing her wonder and delight at a stage play. "No, you must certainly go; but you will be careful, won't you, Nor—Ernest?"

She looked at him with a merry gleam in her eyes.

"Why, I am more careful than you are!" she said. "Oh, you will see how careful I shall be!"

They dined at home that night and drove to the theatre in the brougham, in which this strange child sat now as composedly as if she had been used to one of Morgan's luxurious carriages all her life.

But the interior of the Lyceum almost took her breath away, and Vane saw her turn pale, and felt her hand steal into his as they passed through the vestibule and into the box, which, strange to say, was the best one in the house.

Lady Florence was already there, and welcomed them with her usual languid smile, for a good many opera glasses were upon her; but she murmured to Vane—

"How good of you to come! I didn't expect that "Hamlet" could tempt you. Well, Mr. Mortimer, are you not going to say 'Good evening' to me?" she said to Nora, who had shrank back slightly into the shadow at the back of the box, and stood, pale and absorbed, gazing around the brilliant and crowded house.

Nora started and recovered herself, and took the hand which Lady Florence had graciously extended.

"Come and sit beside me in the front," she said in an undertone, behind her programme, she added to Vane, "How astonished the boy looks! What will he be when the curtain draws up and the play begins?"

Everybody knows Mr. Irving's "Hamlet" and Miss Ellen Terry's "Ophelia," and everyone can imagine the effect these great artists in those characters produced upon the impressionable nature of Nora Trevanion. She sat motionless, her eyes fixed on the stage, her lips half apart. Sometimes the beautiful eyes filled with tears, at others her heart beat fiercely with sympathetic rage and indignation. Once or twice she glanced swiftly at Lady Florence, and was amazed that she could lean back in her chair with listless manner and indifferent eyes. Vane watched her, and for him the beautiful face, upon which were mirrored all her varied emotions, was far more interesting than the play. When the act-drop fell Nora fell back with something between a sigh and a sob; and, surely, if the great actors had heard it they would have felt fully rewarded for their effects.

"Well, Ernest?" he said, bending forward and speaking in a voice that had a tone of warning in it.

She started and looked up at him.

"I can't believe that it isn't real," was all she said, all she seemed able to say; and she sat and waited for the drop to rise as if she were in a dream.

In the middle of the third act Lord Warlock entered. He nodded to Vane, growled "Hallo, youngster" to Nora, who was quite unconscious of his presence, said, "Back in a moment," to Lady Florence, and disappeared for the remainder of the evening. Five minutes after he had gone, with a sigh of relief to his club, "The Fossils," the box-door opened again and Senley Tyers entered.

Lady Florence looked round quickly as if she had been expecting him, but she inclined her head with marked coolness in response to his profoundly respectful bow, and turned at once to the stage again. He stood behind her chair patiently and silently till the act closed, then he bent forward.

"In the language of a famous character, Lady Florence, 'I hope I don't intrude?' The fact is, I found my dinner-party so intolerably slow that I escaped as soon as I could, and it occurred to me that I ought perhaps to drop in here and see that you got the right box and were comfortable. I will remove myself now I have achieved my purpose."

She bit her lip softly.

"You had better stay and see the finish," she said coldly.

"Thank you," he said with a gratitude that just stopped short of burlesque. "I heard as I came in that our great star was in capital form to-night. All artistes have their good and bad moods, you know. Well, Mr. Mortimer, what do you think of Shakespeare's masterpiece?" and as he addressed her he laid his hand on her shoulder.

Nora started and looked round, and Vane saw her brows contract fiercely, and her dark eyes glisten, and he made haste to say—

"It is all real to Ernest. For goodness sake leave him alone in his glory, Sen."

Senley Tyers laughed and nodded as if he quite understood.

"Happy youth," he murmured. "What would one not give for his capacity of enjoyment!"

This little interchange of courtesies made Vane watch Nora rather anxiously, and his anxiety increased as, at Ophelia's most affecting scene, he saw Nora's lips quiver and the tears trying to force themselves through her lids. He touched her hand warningly, and the moment the tear fell, rose and said "Come and get some coffee or something, Ernest," and hurried her out of the box.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, for she understood that he had some reason for taking her out.

"My dear fellow," said "Vane; you nearly upset the whole kettle of fish. Men don't cry at the theatre, at least not openly, even when Ellen Terry is acting. If Lady Florence or Senley Tyers had seen you ——" He pursed up his lips and shook his head.

"I am very sorry," she said humbly. "But I did not know, I could not help it. Oh, it was dreadful, dreadful! How can they bear it themselves, even in pretence. But don't be afraid," she added, "I will not do it again. You will see."

"All right. Have some coffee; and, I say, why did you turn upon Senley Tyers as if you meant to rend him, or kill him, with those eyes of yours?"

"Those eyes" of hers flashed at the mention of the name.

"Why did he touch me?" she said with a catch in her breath. "I hate him to speak to me suddenly or touch me!"

"You must try and get over that," he said. "Sen is an awfully good fellow, and besides, he's very sharp, you know, and would guess that something was wrong if you turned upon him with that spit-fire glance of yours."

"I will be careful!" she murmured penitently.

Meanwhile Senley Tyers had slipped into Nora's seat.

"Are you quite sure that you are not angry with me for coming to-night?" he said in a low voice, and looking, not at her, but round the house, as he spoke.

Lady Florence colored slightly.

"I am quite sure," she said coldly. "Why should I be? The box is large enough."

"I wish I were as sure," he said. "But, indeed, I had no object in joining you to-night. I wanted to tell you that my little plot has commenced, and that I have already made a step towards that thousand pounds."

She glanced round with a nervousness quite novel to her.

"Is this the place in which to discuss that absurd farce?" she demanded; but her lip quivered.

"Perhaps not," he said; "therefore, we will not further allude to it. But will you please ask Mr. Tempest to come to my studio to see your picture to-morrow?"

"If you wish it," she said. "But why do you not yourself invite him?"

He smiled.

"Pray humor me!" he said. "Like the heathen Chinee, 'my ways they are dark.'"

Lady Florence said nothing more; and before the close of the play Senley Tyers murmured his adieux, and disappeared.

As Vane was putting Lady Florence into her carriage, and looking round for Lord Warlock, she said carelessly—

"Will you go to Mr. Tyers' studio and see my portrait to-morrow, Mr. Tempest? He——I want your opinion of it before he quite finishes it."

"Of course I will," said Vane; "and I'll take Ernest with me."

"Thanks," she murmured; and her voice was soft and her hand closed caressingly on his as she held it. "You always do everything I ask you, always!"

"And always shall," he responded with a smile, and with a return of the pressure. The smile was still on his face—for what man could have resisted the exquisite flattery of the softened tones and lingering hand-clasp?—the smile was still there as he turned to Nora, who stood on the pavement waiting for him; and he was rather startled by the frown and the sharp glance with which she inquired—

"What did Lady Florence say to you just now?"

"Eh?" he said. "Oh, nothing; only asked me—and you—to go to look at her picture at Senley Tyers' to-morrow."

"Was that all?" said Nora, with something singularly like suspicion in her manner.

"All?" repeated Vane. "Yes. What else should she say?"

"I didn't know," said Nora. Then she stole her hand into his. "My head is in a whirl; let us go home."

Not only was her head in a whirl, her heart was throbbing, aching with a new sensation. What was this love, love, love, of which the wonderful play had been so full? There is a deal of education to be got out of Hamlet, and it had led the wild Nora Trevanion to the very threshold of the Great Mystery.

Vane felt her small hand quivering in his as they walked along the quiet back streets, and half amused, half pitiful, he murmured—

"Poor little girl!"

He thought that the exclamation had been inaudible, but Nora had heard it, and, with a start, she suddenly drew her hand away. Although she did not know it, it was not his pity she wanted. Ah, not his pity!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WARRIOR AND HIS WEAPON.—At the autumn manœuvres of the Volunteers in Dumfriesshire, the troops were divided into two parts, an attacking and a defending force. The former were posted behind a hedge during some skirmishing, when one of the defenders suddenly burst through and was immediately surrounded.

"Down with your arms—you're my prisoner!" cried a sergeant.

"Na, na, mon," returned the intruder coolly. "I'm nae prisoner."

"I tell you we are the enemy," cried the sergeant.

"I dinna care whether ye're the enemy or no," retorted the intrepid Volunteer. "I ha'e lost the skin o' ma bagnet, and I'm no gaun back without it!"

Amid general laughter the valiant warrior was allowed to look for "the skin o' his bagnet"—otherwise the scabbard—and when he had found it he departed in peace.

SAVING AND SPENDING.—The young should be not only encouraged to save out of their small allowances or earnings, but they should also be taught how and when to spend. Above all should the truth be impressed upon them that the object and end of money are to purchase opportunity, to promote happiness, to improve and enlarge life. Of itself it is nothing, and may be made far worse than nothing; but where the underlying purposes are those of independence, justice and generosity—where the highest welfare of self, of family, and of society is the desire uppermost in the heart—there both saving and spending acquire new dignity and will repay careful culture.

"YOUR new cook is a very attractive looking person." "Verily; and it has added largely to our safety here. There is always a policeman on duty in the kitchen."

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the live-long day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

A False Alarm.

BY A. E. A.

CHAPTER V.

THE Grants' theatricals were great fun—such fun that Isabel felt compelled to stay for the second night's performance which was to be followed by a dance. Once away from the depressing atmosphere of Rawnsley Grange her spirits rapidly rose, and she soon forgot all her former scruples.

"After all," as she said to Julia, "it's Robert's own fault if he comes home and finds the house empty. If he doesn't take the trouble to tell me his plans he must put up with the results, and it won't hurt him to spend one evening by himself. I only hope he will find the mice better company than I do!"

So she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the cheerful party and returned home the day after the dance, feeling more light-hearted than she had done for months.

"It's wonderful how a little festivity brightens one up," she thought as she walked to the door. "I must really persuade Robert to take me about rather more instead of devoting all his time to his books. I am sure it would do us both good. I feel perfectly different from what I did the other day!"

However, no sooner had she entered the house than her spirits were damped by perceiving that something was amiss. There was a general air of confusion that was hardly to be explained by her somewhat sudden appearance after so short an absence. She noticed that Stokes was not in his place, but concluding that the old butler had treated himself to a holiday, she good-naturedly resolved to ignore the fact and proceeded to elicit what information she could from the other servants.

"So your master came home yesterday, after all! Well, that is vexing! And where is he now?"

"He started again by the first train this morning and went to town," replied the housemaid who was being interrogated.

"Indeed! And did not mention when he was coming back? How very strange! I suppose he was called off for business!"

Isabel passed an uncomfortable evening, wondering every hour if her husband would return, and whether he had left home in annoyance at not finding her there to meet him.

Fifty times already she regretted having gone to the theatricals. There was an oppressive air of mystery hanging over the house for which she could not account. The servants crept about and whispered in corners, and she constantly caught them staring furtively at her when they thought her attention otherwise engaged.

It was a positive relief next morning when the old rector came after breakfast to talk over preparations for the coming school-feast. His conversation was not particularly exciting, but at all events he looked her straight in the face and spoke without any signs of embarrassement.

"By-the-bye, I saw Mr. Rawnsley in London yesterday," he said, as he rose to go. "I had gone up to consult an oculist, for I positively am growing so blind that I can hardly see to read. And as I was saying, I met your husband at the station—on his way to Paris, he told me. Going for a change, I suppose? Well, I expect he wants it, for I thought him looking very ill. I told him he ought to take you abroad to look after him, and he only laughed; but I don't consider it any laughing matter. I didn't like his looks at all, myself. I wonder you don't feel anxious about him, starting on such a long journey when he seems so unwell. However, I suppose he won't stand much interference after having his own way for so many years."

And with a chuckle at his little joke the old man took his leave.

With a great effort Isabel repressed all signs of astonishment at this unexpected news. She would not for worlds have let any one know that she was ignorant of her husband's plans.

At first wounded pride predominated over all other feelings. But gradually the information struck her in another light. The rector had dwelt much on Robert's altered appearance.

What if he had suddenly been taken ill and was at that moment being nursed by strangers in a foreign town! The very idea threw her into a perfect frenzy of anxiety, and without pausing to consider any possible difficulties she determined at once to follow him to Paris.

She hastily threw a few things into a portmanteau whilst her maid looked on paralyzed by her mistress' unwonted energy, and collecting all the loose money that was in the house, she started off.

It was a new thing for her to undertake a long journey alone, and she was exceedingly vague about the probable cost of tickets and various other small matters of detail. But with indomitable perseverance she consulted time-tables, and questioned porters, so that on the following morning she found herself alighting, weary but triumphant, at the Gare-du-Nord.

CHAPTER VI.

NOW that she was in Paris she felt that all her difficulties were over. It was true that she did not know her husband's address, but she had quite arranged what to do. Philip Digby was certain to be at home at that hour in the morning and possibly he could give her news of Robert.

Even if he had not met her husband he was so clever and good-natured that she felt the utmost confidence in his powers of putting everything straight. It was an intense relief to feel that she had finished that awful journey at last.

In spite of her fatigue she thoroughly enjoyed the drive through the familiar streets. Each turning in the road awakened fresh memories of the days when life was nothing but a continual round of pleasure and excitement.

As she was leaning forward to look at some favorite shop she caught sight of a man driving rapidly in the opposite direction who reminded her strangely of her husband. She called to the driver to stop, but before he understood what she wanted the other carriage was out of sight and she concluded that she must have made a mistake.

"After all, I should not be very likely to meet Robert the moment I arrive," she thought; "though it might have been him. Perhaps he didn't recognize me. How funny that would be! The looking-glass in the waiting room showed what a fright I looked, but I didn't know that I was past recognition! If there is nothing the matter, how I shall be laughed at for dashing over like this! Probably Robert only came to Paris to visit a library, or something of that kind, and his ill-health merely existed in the rector's imagination. I wish I had thought of that before! However, it's too late to go back now, for here is the Rue de l'Echelle and Phil's rooms. I wonder if he will be up yet?"

As Mrs. Rawnsley was inquiring of the concierge if her cousin was at home, an elderly gentleman came down the stairs, and, hearing her question, stopped short and addressed her in French.

"I am afraid you cannot see Mr. Digby to-day," he began; "he is ill, and, though it is nothing serious, I cannot have him disturbed or excited."

At this totally-unforeseen difficulty, Isabel's philosophy quite gave way. A sudden feeling of utter abandonment came over her, and without speaking a word she burst into tears.

The doctor looked at her attentively.

"You are alarmed about Mr. Digby," he said; "that is quite unnecessary. He has been rather badly wounded, but, with careful nursing, he will be all right again very shortly."

"Wounded!" echoed Isabel. "But what has happened?"

"A quarrel with a compatriot, I believe," replied the doctor. "It might have been very serious, but the bullet lodged against the shoulder-blade, and we have been able to extract it without much difficulty, so now there is no further cause for anxiety."

"But surely I can see him for one moment," urged Isabel. "I am a near relation, and have just come from England—"

"Ah!" interrupted the doctor, "that rather alters the case. You are probably Mr. Digby's sister? Well, if you will promise to be very calm, very collected, will permit you to pay my patient a visit; but mind, no tears, no excitement! He is doing very well now, but we must not risk anything."

With repeated promises of obedience, Isabel followed the doctor to the door of the sick-room. Here he summoned the nurse.

"I give this lady permission to see your patient for a minute," he said, "on condition that he is kept perfectly quiet. You quite understand that your brother's health depends on his not being excited?" he added, turning to Isabel. "Very well, then; I will leave you, as I have appointments elsewhere."

It is to be feared that she hardly carried out the doctor's directions as they were intended.

"My dear Phil! How silly you are! How can you do such things?" she exclaimed, as soon as she caught sight of her cousin.

He was lying back on some pillows, very pale and bandaged, so that he could not move, which gave him rather a ghastly appearance.

"Poor fellow! You do look bad," she continued. "Don't try to speak; the doctor said you were to keep quiet. I can't tell you how sorry I am to see you like this, both on your account and because I wanted you to help me find Robert."

Mr. Digby gave an almost imperceptible start.

"What!" cried Isabel, "have you met him by any chance? Or perhaps he has been to see you? I don't know his address, and I am so afraid he is ill! When did you see him last?"

"We parted about seven o'clock this morning," said Philip, with a faint smile. "You needn't excite yourself, he wasn't hurt."

"What do you mean?" interrupted Isabel. "I don't know how he could be hurt. Oh!" she screamed, suddenly grasping his meaning, "you have been fighting with Robert! The last man in the world to do such a thing! Robert fight a duel! I don't believe it! What an excellent joke! Ha, ha!" and she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"I am glad it amuses you," said Mr. Digby dryly. "I am afraid the humor of the situation escaped me at first. Still, as you point out, it is exceedingly funny, and you have not heard the best of the story. I am at present disabled for an indefinite time for having had the temerity to run away with Mr. Rawnsley's wife during his absence from home."

"And Robert really believes it?" Isabel shrieked. "Oh, I shall never forgive you, Phil—never! The absurdity of fancying that I could run away with you!"

"Precisely what I told him; but he wouldn't believe it. Now, my dear child, the best thing you can do is to go home and make it up with your husband. He ought to have come to his senses by this time. He was going back by the way of Dieppe. At all events, I am sure you will excuse me from talking any more. The doctor hinted at internal hemorrhage and other stupid consequences if I disobeyed orders, and that wouldn't help matters. I hope you will find matrimony more of a success in the future than it has proved so far."

With these words Mr. Digby closed his eyes, and showed such evident signs of weakness that the nurse took Mrs. Rawnsley by the arm and forcibly led her out of the room.

"You must command your motion or you will kill the poor gentleman," she said with kindly severity. Not having understood a word of the dialogue, she naturally concluded that Mrs. Rawnsley's grief was attributable to the serious condition in which she found her brother. "Here, madame, you can rest quietly and recover your calm," she continued, opening the door of another room.

"I don't want to rest! There is nothing the matter with me!" exclaimed Isabel feverishly. "Please give me a little water and I shall be all right. There," she continued, drinking off a glass of water at one draught, and readjusting her veil, "now I feel quite well. No, I will not take your time any longer. Go back to your patient."

So saying, she ran down the stairs, jumped into a passing carriage, and ordered the driver to take her to the station without a moment's delay.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was getting dusk as Mrs. Rawnsley stepped on board the Ville d'Amiens at Dieppe that evening. She had no very distinct plan in thus hurrying back to England. Only Philip's last words had suggested the idea that she might find her husband on board, and she now had absolutely no other wish in life than to have an opportunity of explaining the truth to him.

It would be so easy to show him how the mistake had arisen; and in the meantime she was still childish enough to feel a good deal of satisfaction at her husband's insane display of jealousy. It was a perfect revelation that Robert could be stirred into doing anything so utterly repugnant to all his principles as fight a duel on her account.

"If he had gone to his lawyer's, I should have hated him," she thought, as she watched the thick summer mist rolling up over the water. "But to go straight to Paris and shoot poor Philip on the merest suspicion—oh! he must be much fonder of me than I thought!"

At that moment her eyes fell on a traveling rug which was lying on the deck beside her. Surely the pattern was strangely familiar! She had chosen one like it for Robert only a few weeks before and worked his initials in the corner.

And when she looked nearer, there were the great silk letters which she had embroidered with a jesting allusion to his careless way of losing all his smaller possessions on a journey. So he was somewhere on the boat.

The idea made her heart beat so fast that for some minutes she could not move. Presently, however, the thought that she might again miss him braced her up to make an effort. Rising from her seat, she began a careful scrutiny of such of the other passengers as she could see sitting about on deck.

Before long she recognized her husband standing apart from the rest, staring gloomily out into the darkness. In spite of his gray hair, and severe expression, he was incomparably better-looking in her eyes than Philip, towards whom, at that moment she felt a somewhat unreasonable animosity. Without allowing herself at the time to feel nervous, she walked up and touched her husband on the shoulder.

Mr. Rawnsley started and looked round.

"I am so glad I have found you at last," began Isabel, but at the sound of her voice he turned deliberately away.

"Oh, Robert! Please stay! I must tell you!" she cried, catching him by the arm and beginning to sob hysterically. She had intended to make a calm explanation which would carry conviction at once, but she was worn out with fatigue and his look of aversion completely broke her down. "It was all a mistake," she gasped. "I went to see Julia Grant, that was all! It was indeed! I never even thought of Philip after he left! He would tell you so himself!"

"Probably!" sneered Mr. Rawnsley, "as he swore you were in England when I saw you myself driving about Paris! But it is sheer waste of time your making assertions, as unfortunately I cannot believe them after what I have seen. No! it is perfectly useless discussing the subject," he continued, cutting short Isabel's exclamation of horror. "You must see for yourself that there is nothing more to be said." And without glancing at his wife he walked away to the other end of the boat.

Mrs. Rawnsley was thunder-struck at the serious turn things had taken. She had fancied that it would be so easy to make everything clear at once, and now by her own confusion she had made the case more involved than ever. Her head was aching so that she could hardly think, and feeling more dead than alive she crept off to her cabin and sinking down on a sofa, sobbed herself to sleep.

She was awoke by a fearful crash. For a moment she lay still, wondering if anything had really happened, or whether it was only another bad dream rather more vivid than it predecessors. Then the shouts and screams on all sides convinced her that there really had been an accident. The door was flung open and the steward called to her to get up at once. There had been a collision in the fog it seemed, and the Ville d'Amiens was struck hard and was beginning to sink.

Isabel hurried on deck. Here all was a scene of a wild confusion in the indistinct light of early morning. Everybody appeared to be crowding towards one point where a boat was being filled with the few women and children on board.

Isabel stood rather aloof from the struggling throng. She was unaccustomed to fighting her way in the world and felt too spiritless to assert her own claims to attention.

"Are they all in? Stop! Here's another lady!" shouted a sailor, catching sight of her at the last moment.

Mrs. Rawnsley, who was trying to make

some of the more excitable passengers listen to reason, turned round at these words.

"Good heavens!" he cried, rushing towards his wife, "I thought you went in the first boat! Come! They are just starting."

"Are you coming?" she inquired without moving from her place.

"Presently, but now there is only room for one—be quick!"

"I shall not go without you," she replied quietly. "I mean it," she added as he tried to drag her forward. "There! it is no use. Some one has taken my place and the boat is full."

"Do you know that you have thrown away your life?" said Mr. Rawnsley roughly. "That is the last boat, and unless the vessel that ran into us is in a condition to help there is no hope."

"How long will it be before we sink?" asked Isabel, calmly, though she could not repress a slight shiver at the cold fog that hung round them like a pall.

"It is impossible to say for certain. Half an hour, perhaps, or even less. It can't go on long!" cried Mr. Rawnsley, throwing his arm round his wife as a violent jerk almost dashed her against a mass of splintered wood.

"If that is all, it hardly seems worth while to quarrel for such a short time, does it?" said Isabel, gently. "You can surely trust me to speak the truth now?"

All her nervousness had vanished in the presence of a tangible danger, and in a few words she told him the whole story.

"You see, I did nothing worse than go to the theatricals without permission," she concluded, with a faint smile. "You believe me now, don't you? Here—I still have one of the programmes in my pocket."

"No—don't show it to me! I need no proofs! I must have been mad ever to doubt you!" replied Mr. Rawnsley, drawing his wife still nearer to him as a huge wave broke over the deck. The injured boat seemed to stagger under the weight of water as if she could hardly right herself after the shock.

"This can't go on long," muttered Mr. Rawnsley, hoarsely. "It is coming now, and I have murdered the one creature that I cared for above all others!"

"Don't say that," whispered Isabel, burying her face in her husband's arm as the deck reeled under them. "Perhaps it is best as it is. If we had lived you might fancy something else another time. I am not frightened, but please hold me close, so that I may not see it coming!"

* * * * * *

Twelve hours later two people were seated on the balcony of an hotel overlooking the sea. After a long silence the man turned to his companion with a look of extreme anxiety.

"You look tired. Are you quite sure that you are none the worse for all you have gone through?" he said, gravely.

"No!" replied the girl, with a merry laugh. "I tell you I have not even a cold. When my maid arrives with some clean clothes, you will confess that I never looked better in my life. One can't expect to look smart in a dress that has been soaked with salt water."

"At all events," insisted Mr. Rawnsley, "you must be careful of yourself after the exposure and fatigue of such a night. It was a very near thing. If the other vessel had not been able to get us off at that moment——"

"Don't talk about it," said Isabel, quickly. "I thought I shouldn't mind dying, but now I know I would rather live. And we will go home and be happier than we have ever been before. You must even forgive poor Stokes," she added, "for I should like everybody to be as happy as I am. After all, he meant to act in your interests."

"Since you can forgive me, there is no reason why I should not forgive Stokes," replied Mr. Rawnsley, gently pressing his wife's hand. "But I think you will agree with me that such a faithful old servant had better be allowed to retire on a pension."

It is unnecessary to add that Isabel joyfully acquiesced in this arrangement.

[THE END.]

A LOW LEVEL.—A low material level is the besetting sin of most—not the stormy plane of undisciplined passions and appetites, but the plane of unconsecrated feeling, where we demand nothing high from ourselves and see nothing noble in others. It does not require great occasions to be candid, loving, just and tolerant. Everyday life is constantly offering opportunities for the sweetest charity, if not of deed, of thought and judgment. There is a version of the golden rule we too often forget: while our outward walk and conversation are without blemish—try to think of the neighbor as you would have the neighbor think of you; try to see the divine under the poor mask of humanity.

A Link With the Past.

BY J. C.

BEFORE me lies an old pocket-book, bound in faded red leather, with silver clasps. I have counted the leaves of old yellow paper and find there are two hundred of them.

It is an ungainly-looking article for a lady's pocket-book, but this one belonged to my great-grandmother, and pockets were pockets in her day.

If anything was lost in her house, her sons would say, "It must be in Noah's Ark," meaning one of her pockets. She always wore two, one on each side.

The latest date in it is 1775. Her firm handwriting, the slowly, carefully formed letters, show the serious business that using ink on paper was in those days, and even now the ink is black as jet.

A pocket-book should show the character of the possessor. This one tells the tale of a life; for there are more medical recipes in it than any others, though I find many cookery recipes, such as, "My Aunt Betsy's Way of making Mince Pies," &c.; and other entries, as "John Hunter came to pay me one year's rent for his cottage at Wild Moor, Two pounds fifteen shillings, September the 22d; 1769." Or, "Paid my maid, Febe Barber, fifteen shillings for one quarter's wages, 14th day of March, 1772."

My great-grandmother was the widow of a doctor, who had settled down on his marriage in a country cottage in North Hampshire, on an open tract of common lands, surrounded by moor-lands and water-meadows, often half-flooded over by the river that ran through them, desolate enough in winter, but lovely beyond description in summer.

Her short married life, as I have been told, was a very happy one. Her husband's love, till the grave parted them, was that of a devoted lover. He died, leaving her with two boys, one four and the other two years old.

After she had braved the first days of sorrow and the nights spent in grief, her boys would creep into her room in the morning and lay their heads on her pillow wet with her tears.

Then hope would come back. Amongst her neighbors she was counted rich, for she had fifty pounds a year of her own. And who in the whole country-side could distil waters as she did, or know more of herbs and medicine than she?"

A few nights after her husband's death, a man came to her in great trouble. He was the tenant of the Court Farm—a man who wore leather gaiters, a long green linen smock-frock, and a straw hat of home-platted coarse straw. He knocked at her door, and, with trembling courteous words, begged to be excused.

"But our little Ben is taken with the croup, and no one to help him now but you, dame! If you will come and see him before he dies, it will be some comfort to poor Jeannie." He would put her on Jock, her husband's white cobby.

She straightway donned her wimple and old brown Spanish merino cloak—in her day merino came from Spain—a full cloak, fuller than the skirts of these days. It was neatly gathered into a yoke. A black, velvet-lined tippet reached the waist. It was tied with strings at the neck, and fastened down the front with clasps. It had large arm-holes to pass the arms through. Her saddle, or pillion, was covered with thick gray quilted cloth, and hung in an inner room of her house.

When Farmer Maynard came to the door with the old cob, her maid appeared with this structure, which was hurriedly put on the back of the docile animal; and Dame Baker mounted, with the assistance of her maid Febe, who at the same moment hung a small reticule basket of white and black squares of platted straw on her arm, containing a silver spoon and a bottle of simple emetic; and then the dame started with her guide to the Court Farm, two miles distant.

The Court Farm was an old red brick building standing within fifty yards of the parish church, the lichgate of which they passed by in the moonlight, and the churchyard where her loved husband now slept. A firm resolve came into her heart, that henceforth, as far as she could, she would do his work amongst those who called upon her for aid or help.

On entering the house, they found Mrs. Maynard sitting by an old oak crib, in which lay little Ben, throwing himself about in an agony, with the hoarse croupy groans following fast one on the other, his poor little face black and swollen. Dame Baker gently lifted him on her knee and poured out of the silver spoon a dose of her emetic, and then she asked for mustard. Alas! none was in Mrs. Maynard's store.

"Bring me the kettle; we must use hot water." She took from her neck a silk handkerchief, and after carefully rolling it up into a tight ball, she held it to the child's throat, and with her steady hand poured enough boiling water to raise a small blister.

She then turned to the child, and proceeded to do the same just at the nape of the neck. A short time of suspense, and then the false membrane was thrown off; then came relief, followed by a deep sleep, and shortly, health returned.

From that day, my great-grandmother took her husband's place. No doctor lived within twenty miles. Often at night she might be seen—sometimes with a stalwart form beside her, lantern in hand, leading her pony—making her way to some outlying home.

Or in the dark days of winter, when the new hedges are set in the fields, an anguished worn face, with an arm in a sling, would come to her, with the cruel, poisonous blackthorn embedded in the poor burning inflamed palm, or deep between the fingers; and with gentle, soothing words she would immerse it in some cooling catapiasm, and extract the poisonous thorn.

In those days the country folk were still superstitious, and they believed she knew some charm; but, to use their own words, they would say the dame "whispered it out."

She never took any fee; but the farmers would send grain from their granaries to her; the Squire, game and fish; the parson, a choice plant, or tree, or fruit from his garden. The poor people would bring the herbs and roots that she asked them for; the children, the nuts and berries. In her turn, she gave liberally from her stores wherever she saw a case of need.

On the occasion of the only visit the Squire and his lady ever made to London, they brought her a beautiful pair of pattens with embroidered leather straps. (All ladies wore pattens in those days.) The Squire and his lady ordered silver rings to be put on hers, for the old Squire said, "She deserved to walk on silver. Hadn't she cured their only son of an ague?"

Her two sons grew up good and handsome, and settled on farms of their own near her. She lived to be a little over fifty years old; but after one of her long night journeys in the snow of winter, that took her past the old gray ruins of Silchester—a place that filled her with strange mystic fancies, as she said—on her return to her home she went to bed; and when morning came, they found her calm and placid in her last sleep. They buried her beside her husband in the old churchyard close to the red brick Court Farm. Her generation passed away, and another since. The old church and the old farmhouse are still standing, and looking the same now as they did then. But all that is left of my great-grandmother are the old recipes in her quaint handwriting in the old pocket-book with the silver clasp.

SURE COMFORT.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without, enemies may gather in his path; but, when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who does not take with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

THE RAW, BLUSTERING WINDS OF WINTER, search out the weaknesses of all who are predisposed to Lung Complaints, and in consequence, Colds, Coughs, and Bronchial Disorders everywhere prevail. Those who have contracted Colds should be especially careful, and not imprudently wait until by constant coughing, they so irritate and rack their Lungs as to bring on themselves a very serious Pulmonary Affection. Let them rather treat their symptoms rationally, and at once, and by the prompt use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, cure their Colds, and heal all accompanying soreness of the Chest.

Scientific and Useful.

THE SUN.—A German scientist, is of the opinion that it will be possible to predict the weather by means of photographs of the sun far more accurately than by a study of the barometer. Circular or elliptical halos round the orb of day, he says, indicate violent storms, especially if the halos are dark in tint or of a large diameter. Lightning and magnetic disturbances may also be expected from these signs.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—The Massachusetts State Board of Health concludes, from investigations of artificial ice, that artificial processes of freezing concentrate the impurities of the water in the inner core or the portion last frozen; that the impurities are least if distilled water is used; that the number of bacteria in artificial ice is insignificant, under the prevailing methods of manufacture, and that the amount of zinc found in ice is insufficient to cause injury from its use.

SMOKELESS POWDER.—According to the leading military papers of Europe, the smokeless powder has produced such disastrous effects upon the rifling of the large guns that some 500 have already been condemned, and orders have been issued to suspend its use in gun practice until further notice. Enormous expenditures will in consequence be necessary to restore the Italian field artillery to its former state of efficiency, the sum mentioned as requisite for the purpose amounting to no less than $40,000,000.

SUN SPOTS.—It has been observed that, after the sun spots have been at a minimum, the summers are hotter, just as though there was more heat coming from the sun at such periods, and the fact has been accounted for by supposing that sun spots are caused by vast clouds of matter erupted from the sun and condensed in the surrounding space. These act as screens and prevent the sun's heat from radiating freely through them. From an examination of statistics one scientist has found that in England during the hot summers, following the minima of sun spots, the month of August is hotter than July, an effect due, in all likelihood, to accumulation of the heat.

Farm and Garden.

SORE BACKS.—Keep a watchful eye for sore backs and shoulders among the work horses. Should any occur, bathe with weak carbolic acid and water, and keep a cloth wet with the solution on the gall until healed.

CALVES.—The calf must have its own shed, its own feed lot, its own rations of grain, and its own rack of hay. When supplied in this way with a proper amount of feed of good quality, it will grow through every month of the year, and yield a profit to its owner.

SILOS.—People are apt to build silos too large and not deep enough. Six square feet of surface per cow per day is about the right proportion to keep the ensilage sweet. If the silo is cut down it will injure as it comes to the air; they should feed the whole of the top off every day.

CROPS.—If the sowing of a crop is not rightly done, all remaining labor will be in vain, so far as the effort to produce a full yield is concerned. We have seen men who leave this most important operation wholly to hired help. If there is any one thing that the farmer should do himself, it is to sow the seed.

THE BOY.—The boy on the farm will soon be the farmer. It is well that his earlier impressions of the calling to which he belongs will be such as to make him believe there is no place to live on like the farm, instead of believing it to be the place from which he will escape as soon as he is old enough.

DUCKS.—Ducks lay more eggs in a year than do hens, but they perform the greatest share of their work from January to July, at a season of the year when eggs are low in price, but it may be said in their favor that the cost of keeping ducks is very little in summer if they have the run of a pasture.

TREATMENT.—Any animal that is stunted in its early youth will fail to make as good an ultimate development as it would have done otherwise, no matter how much it is pampered in later life. And whatever is accomplished with it is done at far greater cost than would have been the case if it had been given a fair start.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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On Curiosity.

When Byron wrote of the "low vice" of curiosity, he was thinking of the aimless delight which some people have in knowing other people's business. Perhaps the most extreme form is seen in men and women who cannot pass a letter on to its owner without wondering whom it is from and what there is in it. The contents of the letter have no relation to them, as they are very well aware.

They do not know the writer or anybody living in the neighborhood of the town from which the letter comes; and yet they would like to pry into the contents, and, if they had the chance, they would steal a little knowledge of their neighbor's affairs. Probably not half of mankind or a third of womankind would be able to resist the temptation to glance at an open letter that had no personal interest for them but that chanced to come in their way. They would instinctively feel the meanness of the action, but would persist in it.

Yet there is not much moral difference between stealing a man's secrets and stealing his purse. This unmeaning inquisitiveness is the survival, no doubt, in the form of a habit of prying practices that have originated in self-interest. Thus, the moment a new family takes up its residence in a particular neighborhood a number of people become concerned to know all about them.

The tradesman wishes to know whether they may be trusted; the neighbors of their own social level wonder whether they ought to be visited; all who are engaged in enterprises that demand work, time, and money hope that they may find new helpers; and so curiosity is stimulated and gossip is set afoot.

Mankind has—in Burke's phrase—"a delightful horror" of uncertainty; and curiosity is one means of allaying that feeling and dispelling its cause. People who know everything about each other's outward life feel as if they had a right to as thorough a knowledge of everybody that comes into their circle. Their own affairs are known; all their cards are tabled.

Why should there not be fairness all round? As the new-comers cannot very well get up in the market-place and give a full and an explicit account of themselves—and the narrative would not be of much use if they could—curiosity sets to work to make up the story for itself in bits. And here let us remark what a rare advantage this system of inquisitiveness gives to the people who have the gift of imagination.

Curiosity and "pumping" on the part of the spectators are direct incentives to the victims to mislead their questioners; and the only case in which prevarication admits of a strong argumentative and perhaps moral defence is when inquisitive people wish to worm out a secret that is no concern of theirs, but which has a value to its rightful owner. But, while we condemn the peeping gossiping habit of the present day, which spares nobody, but besieges celebrities with an army of intrusive bores eager to photograph them mentally and physically from every point of view—the love of the invasion of private sanctities which caused Tennyson to entrench himself in his grounds—it must not be forgotten that this craze for publicity is fostered by those who are gossiped about quite as much as by the gossipers.

The "society" papers that minister so largely to this form of curiosity do not give the keenest gratification to their readers who love personal gleanings, but to the people who are advertised and exhibited. It is the same in private life. Many would rather be notorious than ignored. They even find a consolation in misfortune in the thought that they are making a stir and being talked about, as Adam Bede's mother was cheered by the reflection that her husband had had a fine funeral.

A form of curiosity that is not objectionable, like the intrusive inquisitiveness that has no distinct object, is the desire to experience what other men have experienced, to test for oneself the sensations that we have heard described. In giving rein to this species of curiosity, without any idea of extending the bounds of human knowledge or of gaining a personal advantage, the searcher after adventure ascends into the thin bleak upper atmosphere in balloons, or descends into the sea in a diving-dress, and is swayed like a weed by the currents. He wishes to know how it feels to be there.

No small share of adventurous traveling—the climbing of almost inaccessible mountains, the sailing of inhospitable seas—is attributable to this motive. There are, too, even more dangerous and less arduous forms of experimental curiosity, such as the taking of drugs to test their effect personally, as in the case of opium consumption, although the results are perfectly well known and have been recorded a thousand times.

The hankering after new sensations in this form is often a phase of egotism, though sometimes the object is to provide subjects for confession. The ambition of being a walking "Inquire-within-on-everything" masters all fear of danger.

Or, again; some start upon a course of living without any special interest in it, but presently find themselves engrossed, and their curiosity aroused, and so they resolve to see the matter through to the end, just as the reader of a tale is enmeshed by the writer's skill, and, though he may not care for the characters or admire the style, would be glad to know how it all ended. Incompleteness always breeds curiosity. That is a central principle of novel construction. Nature abhors a mystery as much as she is reputed to abhor a vacuum. It is instantly surrounded by curiosity on every side; and this brings us to the true use of the instinct.

Curiosity in its best manifestations is the great lightener of the burden of research. It was once the main incentive; but now knowledge is seen to be so valuable, holding as it does the key to all that is best worth having, that it attracts men by its inherent importance; and thus curiosity attends them all the way with cheering whispers.

In practical affairs curiosity has led the way to innumerable inventions. Perhaps the best way of seeing how much serious achievement we owe to it is to imagine the paralysis that would fall upon the world if it ever failed the race. Watch the limp, passionless, weary existence of the man who has run through his interest in life, who feels he has nothing more to learn, or that what he does not know is not worth the knowing, who has no desire to read how the chapter ends. Without the spur of curiosity, progress would cease.

All the most notable men have had a devouring interest in life, and usually in many of its phases; they have been eager questioners, with a keen appetite for the beautiful "spread" which Nature provides. Happily there is never any chance of waning curiosity, since every child has to start from the beginning and learn all the lessons that the world has gathered. There is no fear of any one reaching the fanciful state described by Bacon—"A man would die though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over."

The things to be done increase constantly in number. Curiosity has a wider field for its scrutiny year by year, and the trivialities that degrade it to the level of a "low vice" are not required for its proper sustenance; for the way to serious knowledge is being made light, and men may as agreeably satisfy their sense of curiosity by the contemplation of wisdom as by the contemplation of frivolities.

WEALTH is not necessary to enjoy the beauties of a landscape; nor is it now necessary to procure pleasures derived from books. A small garden, even the cherished plant in the window, is a source of pleasure; and, where the mind is waiting to be pleased, the very sounds of life, rural or other, are each musical with joy. Knowledge opens her storehouse for the winter evening, while piety silvers all of earth with divine goodness, striking a vista through its deepest sorrow to that world where the obedient are filled with the fulness of joy.

OF all the myths of the fairy age, of its many legends and enchantments, true love seems to be the one great charm which has come down to us unchanged by time, untouched by steam-engines, and unexplained by science. True love is true love by whatever signs and language it is spoken—as long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, we must seek it.

Do not forget that if you accomplish a little every day it will amount to a good deal in a year. If you pursue some study, or read one hour every day in the year, you will have acquired an amount of knowledge in three hundred and sixty-five days that will surprise you. Bear this in mind now, early in the year, and let nothing prevent you from taking advantage of it.

THE accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care, and by an appetite for more. He who seeks for much will ever be in want of much. It is best with him to whom Providence has given that which is sufficient, though every superfluity be withheld.

THE brightest use of a friend is his friendship, and in some respects a friendly book is the very best of friends. Speech is silver, silence is golden. A book is a bi-metallic friend; it will give you either silver speech or golden silence, as you prefer.

THE authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule of conduct, but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself.

"LOVING-KINDNESS," says the Talmud, "is greater than laws; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies."

DESPAIR is hope gone astray.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

R.—The term "hand," used in measuring horses, means four inches.

I. G.—According to Lempriere Egeria was a nymph of Aricia, in Italy, who melted into tears after the death of her husband, and was changed by Diana into a fountain.

DOUBTFUL.—We continually say, in these columns, that young women and girls cannot be too careful in their conduct, or too quiet and modest in their outward demeanor.

DICKENSONIAN.—Clicket is the name of the "orfling" girl from St. Luke's Workhouse, servant to the Micawbers, in David Copperfield; she is described as a dark-complexioned young woman, with a habit of snorting.

CHUMIE.—Inform your guardian at once and do not fear to do what is right. It will be clear to him—or her—that if you wished to give the man encouragement you would not seek help to put an end to the presumption on his part, nor feel it an annoyance.

MINA.—The expression arose in this way—Gordius, a Phrygian peasant, consecrated, we are told, his wagon to Jupiter, and tied the yoke to the draught-tree so cleverly that the ends of the ropes could not be discovered; it was rumored that he who untied this knot would eventually be king of Asia; Alexander the Great, when shown it, at once cut it with his sword, saying, "It is thus we loose our knots."

R. J. N.—The training received by men cooks—the chefs in our clubs, hotels, and large houses—is picked up only through service. There are no schools or training institutions for the purpose. To become a first-rate cook the pupil must have years of assiduous and constant practice and experience. The French man-cook goes through an apprenticeship of at least five years as a marmiton and a gate-sauce before he can be intrusted to prepare a dinner of a superior order. "Many excellent men-cooks I have met," says a leading author, "have been ships' stewards, and have picked up their proficiency in the galley at sea as plain cooks, kitchens of the great clubs and the great hotels and the great sending-out pastry-cooks."

POET.—You ask our opinion of Jane Eyre, a book which you regard as "a wild romance, barely saved from absurdity by an innate earnestness and simplicity." Let us say, first of all, that modern readers of Jane Eyre are under the disadvantage that nearly every incident in the book has been incorporated in a dozen other novels. The sensitive passionate child, brought up amid uncongenial surroundings by thick-hided relatives, has figured in hundreds of books. These children are all pale wraiths of Jane Eyre. As to the grown-up Jane—well, it would be an easy matter to show how she was made strange, partly distorted and uncanny by Charlotte Bronte's queer up-bringing—and Rochester is worse—but the fact remains that Jane is the most actual instance of naked human nature to be found in any English book. You see in her a heart laid bare. No other writer has brought out the note of poignant passion with such terrible clearness. We are well aware that many readers cannot see and hear this. We have known women who could not see Jane in any other light than that of a rather forward and improper young person. If there is a bigger and honester soul in literature than the plain little governess, we should like to hear of its whereabouts.

BLACKTHORN.—It seems to us that you are entertaining a rather erroneous view of benefiting others. When you are reading excellent books, there comes the uneasy thought that, whatever advantage is gained—and you feel it to be small—is reaped by yourself and not by those around you. Let us put it in another light. First as to the actual gain. There is no test of the improvement that comes to us from general reading, or indeed from special study. One can never hope to arrive at a time when a complex process like culture can register its changes as the heat makes its results visible in a thermometer. But the gain of reading such books as you have mentioned must be real, though it may not be palpable to yourself. It will all tell some day. Insensibly it is modifying your character, giving you ideas, making you fitter for whatever work lies before you. By-and-by you may pass out of your present sphere of daily duty and mix with people who will appreciate the quiet effects of your present reading. Then, as to self-improvement being selfish, we strongly disagree with you. Whatever makes you a more capable woman benefits the world in the same proportion as it benefits you, unless you isolate yourself. Presently, if you marry, will not the knowledge now accumulating be of use, insensibly moulding the character of your children? Or take a plainer illustration. The woman who spends her spare time in acquiring a thorough knowledge of cookery may look upon it as a selfish equipment; but every eater of her pastry feels the benefit. The good effect on society of individual improvement is equally certain in other directions, although it may not be equally obvious. If you still have spare time on hand why do you not take up some special lines of study—as, for instance, cookery, hygiene, and shorthand? They are all interesting in themselves and useful. If people knew the pleasure of being able to write down words at talking pace, and to make notes and extracts in the rapid flowing outlines of phonography, they would learn the system without inquiring too closely into the exact degree of its usefulness. One can no more estimate the value of such accomplishments than one can put down in dollars and cents the yearly advantage of being able to read.

SEA-VOICES.

BY C. AMY DAWSON.

Where the broad sands lay smooth for fairy feet,
And shells of pearl shone in the dim moonlight,
The fisher-lads were courting while the bleat
Of moving flocks came through the peaceful night—
And ever like a plea
Rose the insistent murmur of the sea.

But when the storm-winds tore the gathering clouds,
And loosed their fury on the watery world,
So that the dead must gibber in their shrouds,
And into space th' unready quick be hurled—
Then ominous and free
Woke the remorseless thunder of the sea.

But when the oil of heaven had calmed the waves,
And noon was ripening over hill and lea—
Over the mourners and the ocean-graves,
Hark to the bitter sobbing of the sea!
For sorrow that must be,
The bitter, bitter grieving of the sea.

Love Has Wings.

BY A. G.

ALTHOUGH the season was nearing Mid-October, the autumn weather that year was truly delightful—warm, mellow, tranquil-passing days, with the tint of the sky sometimes as blue as that of a hedge-sparrow's egg in April. Serenely blue also was the hue of the distant sea, as viewed in misty glimpses from the wooded uplands crowned by Castle Linde, the hospitable country seat in Sussex of Sir Miles and Lady Linde.

All round and far below the great old house the park foliage now presented to the discerning eye a spectacle of surpassing beauty. The steep slopes lying there beneath the wide circular terrace of Castle Linde were aglow and ablaze in the light of the afternoon sun, already westering above the quiet sea; flamingo-red and orange-gold blent mistily and indistinguishably as the slanting sun-rays kissed them into the tender brown and yellow of the throstle's breast.

Two people occupied an iron garden-seat placed in a central part of that lofty terrace, rejoicing in the natural panorama spread before them and in the congenial society of each other; for not only were they fellow-guests of the house-party then assembled at the Castle, but were betrothed lovers into the bargain, with the course of true love for them at present running smoothly.

Now and then came to them from over the gorgeous woods the report of a gun, the bark of a dog, the sounds however rendered faint and dull by distance, yet lingering almost mournfully upon the still mellow air.

"Charlie," said the girl, in her pretty soft voice, "the shooters are coming home, I do believe; they will soon be back and clamoring for tea or something! And, now I think of it, you ought to have gone with them yourself this morning, you lazy boy, instead of——"

"I was out with them all day yesterday; I did my duty then. To-day I preferred to stay at home with you, darling," Charlie Verrayne answered, with the bold tenderness of a young lover sure of his ground.

"Hush, Charlie! I hear a step below. I wonder who it is?" whispered the girl, whose name was Celia Price. "I cannot be mother, or Lady Linde, or the Baroness, or any of the women in the house, for the matter of that, because every one, I fancy, save our two selves is out and away somewhere or other, making the most of this lovely Indian summer."

Miss Price rose very quietly and peeped over the parapet of the terrace into the flower-garden lying beneath it. Soon she stole back to the young man's side.

"Well, who is it, sweetheart?" said he lazily. "Confusion take 'em, say I, if they are coming up here to disturb you and mine!"

"Hush! I was wrong. Everybody, it seems, is not gone out this afternoon. It is Beatrix Orme."

"What—that luckless friend of yours, darling, the lovely but unhappy victim to the decrees of a stern parent? H'm—I suppose, poor soul, she finds a sort of melancholy pleasure in hugging her grief in solitude!"

"Charlie, don't laugh; it is unkind—I won't have it!" Celia said, with unwonted earnestness for her. "The very fact of our being so happy and so fortunate in every way ought to fill your heart, Charlie, to overflowering with sympathy and compassion for poor Beatrix. She is very wretched—and no wonder!"

"I don't know her yet, it is true," murmured Verrayne reflectively; "but, after all, she certainly did not strike me as looking particularly wretched last night when I saw her at dinner soon after her arrival."

"As you say, you don't yet know Beatrix; but I will introduce you at the earliest convenient opportunity. She is far too reserved to betray her real feelings before a lot of strangers, however acutely she may be suffering herself. You see, we were at school together, both in Germany and at home, and I know her so well! She never had a sister, and I stand to her in the place of one. Oh, I wish we could help her, Charlie—you and I!"

"So do I, darling, with all my heart, if our so doing would give you pleasure?" replied the young man fondly.

"It would please me, I think, more than anything else in the world," Celia sighed, "if between us we could really conceive some plan whereby we might ensure the happiness of Beatrix Orme! Charlie," announced the girl suddenly, "I want to speak to Beatrix, and—and—don't mind my saying so—but you'll be in the way! Take yourself off, there's a dear good boy—now—directly! Go and smoke in the smoke-room in the billiard-room—anywhere! Amuse yourself alone somehow just for a little while! There—you may do what you please—only go!"

"Come, I say—is that fair?" expostulated Verrayne, with a hurt look. "In the first place, you said that you would introduce me—you know you did; and——"

"At a convenient opportunity, I said, Later, sir—not now! I have an idea, and, whilst it is yet fresh in my mind, I want to give Beatrix the benefit of it."

"Why not me too?"—the injured look giving place to a pleading one.

"Not yet! Go, go, go!"

With a deep sigh, Charlie dutifully arose and obeyed, waiting gallantly from his finger-tips a kiss to Celia as he went. He lit a cigar in his leisurely fashion, and soon had disappeared round an angle of the solid gray old house.

This talk between the two upon the terrace had been exchanged in rapid undertones, so that the solitary girl pacing in deep thought to and fro in the pleasaunce beneath it had until now remained in ignorance of their proximity overhead. Nerrayne gone however, Celia again leaned over the parapet and called softly—

"Beatie! Will you come up to me, or shall I come down to you?"

Beatrix Orme started and looked up. If she had thought of Celia at all that afternoon, she had certainly not imagined her as being anywhere at home with herself—Beatrix—in the now quiet and deserted Castle.

"You look astonished to see me, dear; I suppose you fancied that nobody was within miles of you? Charlie and I ourselves fancied pretty much the same thing until a minute ago, when I espied you all alone down there—lost in dreams. Stay—I'll run down the steps and join you! Beatie, I want to speak to you!" And a moment or so later the two girls were together, arm linked within arm, in converse earnest and low, strolling hither and thither among the sober autumn flowers and the solemn quaint-clipped hedges of the old-world garden under the terrace wall.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I should regard myself as something of a prisoner here—nothing less, in short," Beatrix said presently, with a forlorn little smile; "else why should they have sent me so far from home and Guy? And I am quite prepared to learn too, Celia, that my aunt Frances had received from mother and the rest of them very plain instructions with regard to all letters addressed to me whilst here under her custodianship at Castle Linde. They will or they will not reach me, I mean, according to aunt Frances' discretion."

"Beatrix, I am losing patience with you!" Celia cried. "You have youth, beauty, and wealth! Have you no proper spirit left in you to match such glorious advantages? Surely yes!"

"I think I had once," Beatrix Orme answered bitterly; "but what I have gone through and endured of late somehow seems to have crushed it all out of me and left me completely hopeless; though of course I try my best to appear cold and indifferent before the prying eyes of the world. Who would not?"

"But—but," said Celia indignantly, thinking proudly within herself how differently Charlie Verrayne would have acted in the circumstances had things for them been unhappily reversed, "has Lieutenant Methuen no spirit left in him either?"

Beatrix sighed.

"Dear Guy is so poor," she said dreamily, "and so proud! What can he do? I cannot give him my money, or any of it even, until we are married. It is impossible; he would never consent to touch a penny of it."

"Where is he now—Lieutenant Methuen?" Miss Price inquired more quietly and thoughtfully. "In London, dear?"

Miss Orme looked surprised.

"Did you not know then?" said she, in reply. "The 103rd are now quartered at Wilminster—hence my appearance at Castle Linde. They gave me no peace until I had agreed to put about a hundred miles between myself and Guy."

"Your mother and your brothers, you mean?"

"Yes."

"The wretches!" said Celia Price. "If your father were alive, Beatie, they would not dare to——"

"Hush!" cried Beatrix, in gentle reproof. "They are my mother and my brothers, you know. It cannot be helped. I must try to bear it all patiently, and hope for better——"

"Oh, stuff and nonsense, Beatrix!" interrupted Miss Price, with energy. "When mothers and brothers conduct themselves so unnaturally and so unkindly towards their own flesh and blood, one should, in my opinion, cease to regard them as one's kind! Selfishness is positively a crime; and one cannot in reason be expected to love and obey abominably selfish people!"

"Ah, yes; but——"

"No—don't stop me! That's just what they are—abominably selfish people—and I will say it! It is time that something was done to help you, my poor Beatie, if you will not or cannot do anything to help yourself."

For an instant a faint smile of amusement lit up the pale beautiful face of Beatrix Orme.

"And who is there that can help me at Castle Linde?" she said. "Aunt Frances is lynx-eyed and as sharp as the proverbial needle, and Guy is a hundred miles away."

"Charlie and I will help you," answered Celia, lowering her voice mysteriously. "Now do you begin to comprehend?"

"I fear not. Perhaps I am very stupid."

Celia's voice then sank to an eager whisper as she said—

"Beatrix, listen! You must run away from Castle Linde—'tis your only chance—elope, I mean—with that faint-hearted lieutenant of yours! Charlie and I—trust us—will manage it all beautifully; and I am sure that you will never regret it as long as you live!"

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It was an hour later; scene—the hall of the Castle—a lofty oak-panelled, oak-floored apartment, thoroughly baronial of aspect, with a huge carved fireplace and deep emblazoned windows. The daylight outside had faded; brilliant firelight now reigned within. It was the pleasant hour of afternoon tea; and, in time for it, Sir Miles and the other men had returned from the fields and coverts, and Lady Linde and the women of the house-party had come flocking homeward also from various quarters to meet them.

Sir Miles and his wife, as it chanced, had neither son nor daughter; and it was pale dark Beatrix Orme herself who this evening presided at the tea-table as deputy for her aunt.

Lady Linde was a tall middle-aged woman, still handsome in spite of her heavy features and double chin; and occasionally, when unobserved, she put up to her big nose her long-handled eye glasses, and through them regarded her niece with a scrutiny in which approval, satisfaction, and a certain determination perhaps were by no means absent or hard to interpret.

"Jane and the boys"—Jane was Beatrix's mother—"were quite right to pack her off to me. With her fortune and her beauty, she is far too great a prize for a beggarly lieutenant in the Queen's Own Fusiliers!" Lady Linde was saying in her own mind just then. "She ought to be a duchess or a countess at least. I'll get Bearwarden down here, if I can, for a fortnight, and perhaps—who known?—something may come of it."

In a shadowy corner of the fine old hall, well-nigh lost amid the dusky purplish gloom, fair-haired Celia Price was sitting contentedly; and Charlie Verrayne, who had brought her tea to her there, was now, with a proprietary air, leaning upon the tall back of her carved oaken chair.

"And you positively succeeded, darling, in making her comprehend how a girl of spirit should act in the circumstances?" he asked gleefully. "By Jove, what a spree it would be if we could only do the trick successfully, and smuggle her safely away under the very nose—that terrible Roman nose!—of her aunt, the old dragon!"

"Lady Linde is our hostess, Charlie," Celia said severely, looking up at him; "I am ashamed of you! Now do be serious, please, for a moment and listen to me. You say that you know Lieutenant Methuen very well—well enough, for instance, to go and call on him in Wilminster Barracks?"

"I know him slightly; but I know his elder brother better."

"Never mind about his elder brother! The question is—How well do you know Beatie's Guy?"

"Let's see!" said Charlie ingenuously. "I have played billiards with him at Plymouth. I have missed in his company perhaps two or three times at Southsea. I have met him at York, and occasionally at garrison balls elsewhere. I have——"

"Oh, I am sure then we needn't mind; that will do! You must start for Wilminster early to-morrow," Celia interrupted eagerly. "I will have a long talk with Beatrix in her room to-night, and try to settle matters with her finally; and to-morrow morning I will get up early and see you before you start, and give you your coffee and our last instructions at the same time, Charlie."

"All right, dearest," said he obediently. "But of course I must have some excuse to offer to Sir Miles and Lady Linde."

"Of course. Let me see! You had better give the old stereotyped one—sudden business in town," replied Celia sagely. "It always serves, and nobody ever questions it, or, if one does, one prudently keeps one's doubts to oneself, and so it is all the same in the end."

"Sudden business in town," repeated Verrayne emphatically. "So be it then! But, instead of travelling directly southward, I double as it were, and hasten with all possible speed westward, and at the journey's end interview Lieutenant Guy Methuen in Wilminster Barracks—eh?"

"You are a dear, good, willing, intelligent boy," said Celia impressively; "and, when you come back to you shall be rewarded as you deserve!"

In another part of the hall a lively little widow of uncertain age, a cousin of Sir Miles, and a thick-set man with a bullet head and a prodigious moustache, who wore a knickbocker suit of roughest tweed, coarse stockings to match, and stout laced boots that would not have ill become a plough-boy, were at the same moment discussing Beatrix Orme.

"Who is the lovely stranger over yonder making tea?" inquired the man. "She arrived to-night, didn't she? And it seems to me that Lady Linde, for some reason or other, keeps a pretty sharp eye on the girl."

"You mean Miss Orme," replied the lady addressed, with a slight disparaging shrug. "She is in disgrace, and has been sent to her aunt to be kept out of mischief. How can you call her lovely?"

"Don't you then?"

"Certainly not! I can't admire, and never could, your pale, still, dark-haired women that never seem half alive; though they are rarely so harmless and innocent as they look. Give me a little life and color—natural animation, at least!"

"What has she done?" inquired the thick-set sportsman, in a pitying tone, putting up his eye-glass and staring at unconscious Beatrix.

"Done?" echoed the lively widow rather sharply. "Exactly what she should not have done! Fallen madly in love with and engaged herself to a penniless lieutenant in the Fusiliers whom she met in town the season before last—and it was a case of love at first sight on both sides, they say. Her people however—her mother and her brothers, that is—have very properly put a stop to the whole thing; and Lady Linde—her aunt, you know—has promised to look after her for a while—in fact, until the girl is cured of her folly."

"But where is the crime of it all? I don't understand," the sportsman said bluntly. "Why can't they let them be happy?"

"How like a man!" said little Mrs. Harkaway scornfully. "Lieutenant Methuen is as poor as the traditional church mouse—has hardly a sou of his own beyond his pay, and is a mere boy into the bargain—a year or so younger than Miss Orme herself, I believe, who, as it happens, is one of Fortune's favorites, a rich woman in her own right."

"Indeed?" put in the sportsman interrogatively.

"Yes. Her godmother, the miserly old Countess of Cowes, simply wallowed in

wealth. When the old woman died a few years ago, she left everything she had in the world—money, houses, land, everything—to her goddaughter Beatrix."

Mr. Felix Grant, the sturdy thick-set gentleman in the coarse tweed knickerbocker suit, gave a slight involuntary whistle. He remembered perfectly the death of the Countess of Cowes, and that the amount mentioned in the newspapers at the time the eccentric dowager's will was proved was something considerably over half a million of money.

"Naturally," continued Mrs. Harkaway, as her friend maintained a meditative silence, "her folk at home are ambitious for their kinswoman, and intend that, with her great advantages, she shall make a brilliant match, and so magnify the fortunes of her own family—and quite right too!"

"Perhaps," said Felix Grant idly, "could the truth be ascertained, the Orme family would secretly prefer that she should remain a spinster all the days of her life, forswearing matrimony altogether. Were I she, I would snap my fingers at the whole pack of brothers, and forthwith take the law into my own hands! She could afford to do so."

"I dare say you would," was Mrs. Harkaway's ironical reply; "but there—Felix, I am desperately thirsty, and must have another cup of tea! Make haste, or it may all be gone! The dressing-bell will be ringing in a minute or two."

He took her cup with alacrity, crossed the hall on his errand, and thus obtained a nearer view of beautiful persecuted Beatrix Orme.

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In Beatrix's room, by Beatrix's fire, late that same night, Celia Price said earnestly—

"Then you are willing to be guided, dear, entirely by Charlie and me? You will, in this little matter, leave everything to us and obey us implicitly to the end? Charlie, you know, is a vast deal cleverer than he looks; and in an emergency, or a conspiracy, say, of my kind, is really a young man of infinite resource."

As they stood there upon the white hearth-rug together, Beatrix dropped her two fair hands upon Celia's shoulders.

"Yes," she answered gravely and not without a sigh of relief—"advise me, decide for me as you will. I am unspeakably weary of my present life, and would gladly put an end to it. After all, it is only a little courage that will be necessary, and the goal is worth the venture. Dearest Celia, I am very grateful to you!"

"Then," said Celia gaily, with her parting embrace, "that is settled. The ghost shall walk at Castle Linde, and Beatrix Orme shall be free."

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Charlie Verrayne accomplished his mission to Wilminster Barracks in a manner highly satisfactory to all parties, concerned, announcing modestly, on his return to Castle Linde, that the business which had called him away to town had been managed, on the whole, much better than he had expected, though he found himself perhaps just a trifle fagged with the unwonted exertions he had undergone.

For Beatrix Orme however he had brought back something very precious in her eyes from that mysterious errand of his to "town"—nothing more nor less indeed than a bulky packet in the shape of a letter, which in all likelihood would never have come into the possession of its rightful owner had the envelope or wrapper borne in the top right-hand corner of it the familiar, image and superscription of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

For of late Lady Linde had indulged in a curious freak; the Castle letter-bag being brought by her maid each morning in her dressing-room, where having first glanced at her own correspondence, her ladyship next carefully spelled over the post-marks of that of all her guests; then, relocking the bag, she sent it down-stairs, there to be opened again presently by the butler or Sir Miles, who never for a moment dreamed that he was repeating an operation already once gone through in her ladyship's chamber overhead.

It was now the seventeeth of October—two days after the date of Verrayne's visit to Wilminster—and again were the Castle guests assembled for afternoon tea in the great oak hall, with the autumn evening shadows once more deepening space without and the brilliant red firelight from the logs built high upon the cavernous hearth-place leaping and flashing upward and scattering the gloom within.

As usual, Beatrix Orme sat near to the hearth, with the steaming silver urn and dainty gleaming cups before her; and, also as usual, her vigilant aunt, with her big Roman nose and her long-handled eyeglasses, was not far off. Conversation at this hour was going forward with some spirit, and now and again, distinct and clear above the other voices, might be heard the pretty coaxing one of Celia Price.

"Oh, yes, Lady Linde, do agree! Don't say 'No;' it would be such fun!" she cried. "And, even supposing that we should see nothing to reward us for our trouble, there would yet be the delightfully creepy-creepy sensation of waiting and watching for it, don't you know!"

"Have they a ghost here then," said Felix Grant to little Mrs. Harkaway—"a genuine ghost?"

"Oh, yes! Did you never hear?" she was telling him, with a shiver of affected dismay, when her voice was drowned in the loud didactic tones peculiar to Lady Linde.

"How ridiculous you are sometimes, Celia!" she said good humoredly. "A year or so ago some of you foolish young ones were brave enough to sit up and watch for the Castle ghost, I remember. And what, pray, did you see or hear for your pains? And poor Joyce Allardyce, I well recollect too, swooned from her fright because one or other of you happened to sneeze in the uncanny silence just before the clock struck twelve!"

"Poor Miss Allardyce!" Celia laughed. "I shall never forget it! From the first she had declined to join us in our vigil; but at last some one persuaded her against her will, with most disastrous consequences, as you remember, Lady Linde. Nevertheless I declared to you all at the time, and have stoutly maintained ever since—you know I have—that I myself, at any rate, did on that memorable occasion just ever so faintly hear the rustle of a silken robe along the corridor floor as the last strode of midnight died solemnly away and the moonlight glimmered in at at the gallery window."

"Rubbish! Fancy, my dear!" scoffed Lady Linde.

"Well, never mind now whether it was so or not," coaxed Celia prettily. "We may try again, dear Lady Linde—all those who please and who care to follow my lead—may we not? And possibly this time—though of course it is never wise to prophesy unless you do actually know beforehand—the Castle spectre, being flattered by our interest in its doings, may condescend to reveal itself to our valiant little band."

"This sounds interesting," murmured Felix Grant in the ear of Mrs. Harkaway. "What is the legend?"

"Oh, it is soon told! I was trying to tell you just now, only they were making such a noise over there," answered the little lady plaintively.

"It all happened a hundred or more years ago—in the time of the Georges, don't you know," said Mrs. Harkaway vaguely.

"Sir Miles' ancestor—his great-great-grandfather or something of the kind—at that date was Sir Clifford Linde, and his wife was a very beautiful woman, a Court favorite and—and a good deal more besides that you can better imagine that I can relate. They are both in the picture-gallery.

"Well, this celebrated Lady Linde had more lovers than one, and, when the Court broke up in London and their Majesties went to Bath or Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells or somewhere, the most favored suitor of them all followed Sir Clifford's wife secretly into the country to Castle Linde.

Here there were stolen interviews, with the indispensable sharpwitted abigail as a go-between—in short, all the usual business of intrigue, so miserably common in those days, until at last the gallant prevailed on the lady to quit her husband's roof and run away with him to France. Carriage and horses, it was arranged, should be waiting in readiness near the park entrance, and well before dawn they would be on board a ship and flying across the Channel, safe from vengeance and pursuit."

"Ah, the old, old story, I perceive!" murmured Felix Grant.

"Yes—the old, old story, as you say," assented Mrs. Harkaway quickly, "but, mark you, in this instance to wind up with a real tragedy—hence the moral of it. On the night of the seventeenth of October," she continued, "Lady Linde, close upon the stroke of midnight, came forth stealthily from her chamber in the west corridor, crept, muffled and hooded, down the great staircase, through this very hall where we are now sitting, and out into the darkness of the park to the entrance-gates at the foot of the hill, thus deserting for her lover's sake both husband and children, and never by any one at Castle Linde to be seen again alive."

"She died shortly, I suppose?"

"She died that very night," said Mrs. Harkaway solemnly. "The truth of the awful catastrophe was never precisely known, but it was conjectured for divers reasons that neither master nor postilion was perfectly sober that night, which was wet and wild and dark as pitch.

"Intemperance was counted no vice in those days, you know, and certain it is that the reputation of this fine gentleman was hardly that of a model of sobriety.

"However, be that as it may, it was said that in some luckless manner or other the road must have been lost in the pitchy gloom—the horses taking fright perhaps at a screech-owl or a mile-stone—for the wheel-tracks of the fugitive carriage was found in the morning as far out of the course they should properly have taken as Dornton village and Culverton Downs.

"Over the downs they were traced distinctly—in fact, to the very cliff's edge; and there all indications of them ended abruptly. But far down below, upon the jagged rocks at the cliff's base, it is not difficult to conceive the ghastly sight which met the horrified gaze of the search-party that was headed by Sir Clifford Linde himself. One of the poor horses was still alive; but the postilion, the lady, and her lover had been dashed to death upon the cruel black rocks."

"Thank you," said Felix Grant. "Is that the end of the story?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," answered Mrs. Harkaway; with her own little shrug and smile. "What more would you have? The sequel of course is that ever since that night the apparition of the wicked Lady Linde—such has posterity christened her by a sort of general consent—has been doomed annually to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

"As regularly as the seventeenth of October comes round, so surely is the ghost of the naughty chatelaine believed by superstitious folk to enact over again the tragedy of the night of her flight and death. Just upon the stroke of midnight she comes forth from the haunted room, glides down the staircase, through the hall, and joins her ghostly lover at the park gates.

"Then, if one listens intently, holding one's breath the while, one can always—so it is said—should the night be calm and still, just faintly catch the sound of hoofs and wheels flying madly away in the darkness in the direction of Culverton Downs.

"Indeed a few years ago I recollect there was living at Dornton Head an old Coast-guardsman who used to aver in the most convincing fashion that at midnight on the seventeenth of the month, when the wind was in the right quarter, he had repeatedly heard the blood-curdling shrieks of the guilty fugitives, as horses and carriage went plunging headlong over the cliff on to the rocks upon the shore below."

"And who sleeps in the haunted room now?" said Mr. Grant quizzically.

"No one! I don't suppose that any one would do so for all the gold on earth. I wouldn't, I know! It was made into a sitting-room ages ago," replied Mrs. Harkaway, with a shiver.

Just then the bright voice of Celia Price was heard again over by the hearth-side.

"Oh, thank you, Lady Linde," she was saying—"a thousand thanks! Now hold up your hand so, everybody who has the pluck to keep vigil with me in the gallery to-night, with the object, if possible, of catching a glimpse of the ghost of the wicked runaway!"

Up went the hand of Charlie Verrayne, and a dozen or more others, both brown and white, broad and slender, followed the example immediately.

"Silly child!" said Lady Linde indulgently.

Plainly on the evening her ladyship's humor was an excellent one; but the fact of the matter was that an hour or so previously she had received a telegram from Lord Bearwarden, a young man who never troubled himself to write a letter when he could "wire" a message that would do instead, promising to join the Castle house-party in a couple of days at the latest.

"Why, Beatrix," added Lady Linde, turning with heavy playfulness to her niece, "you are paler, my dear, than usual! Celia, I fear, has upset your nerves with her foolish chatter about ghosts and ghostly doings."

"Not in the least, I assure you, aunt Frances," replied Beatrix quietly. "I have a headache coming on—that is all."

"Will you not make one of our bold party, Beatrix darling?" cried Celia mischievously.

"I? I think not," Miss Orme answered, for an instant meeting smilingly the roguish gay glance of her friend. "You see, if my head does not improve, I shall go to bed."

"Your room, Beatie, is in the west corridor, by-the-bye," laughed Celia. "I do hope the ghost will not disturb you."

"You shall hear in the morning," said Miss Orme, smiling again.

"Miss Price it seems, has gained her point. Do you feel inclined to join the rest and watch for this spectral flitting, Mrs. Harkaway?" said Felix Grant. "I believe I do—anything, you know, for a little diversion."

"Do you really? Well, then, if you will, I will," said she, with a spasm of valor which might or might not be genuine. "But—but I am sure that I shall be horribly frightened all the time, and that somebody will have to hold my hand!"

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At dinner that evening Beatrix Orme's pale loveliness appeared to all observers more conspicuous than ever. She had put on a plain white silken robe, fashioned high on the shoulder, but cut square at the bosom, and adorned with a long and lustrous train which swept and rustled over the oaken floors. Her dark hair she wore in the reigning mode—brushed upward from the graceful nape of her neck and massed softly upon the crown of her head—her sole ornament being a necklace of twisted seed-pearls closely clasping her slender throat.

"Your headache, my dear," said Lady Linde kindly to her niece, "must surely be better—is it not? Your eyes are as bright as stars!" She noted the girl's distinguished beauty with infinite inward satisfaction, and thought of the coming of Lord Bearwarden and of the future when Beatrix should be his Countess.

"No, it is about the same, thank you," Miss Orme replied carelessly. "If you do not mind, aunt Frances, I will slip away to my room early after dinner, and try to get to sleep. Rest may do it good."

"As you please, my dear," said Lady Linde graciously. "I will endeavor to keep Celia and her hare-brained confederates as quiet as possible in the gallery to-night, and they shall make no unseemly noise over their frolic if I can prevent it."

"Oh, Beatrix," Celia whispered despairingly to her friend, "you do not look the least bit in the world like a headachy person! On the contrary, You look—well, if anything, almost too glaringly and confidently happy!"

"That I cannot help," Beatrix answered, with ill-repressed excitement; "and who would wonder, when my freedom is so near and my martyrdom so soon to be ended? Mr. Verrayne, you say, has seen Guy?"

"Yes, darling; it is all right. Lieutenant Mathuen arrived at the 'Crown' this afternoon about four o'clock, and Charlie went over there to meet and welcome him."

The "Crown" hotel was the principal hostelry in Stopbridge, and Stopbridge was an inland town of considerable importance situated some three and a half miles from Castle Linde. The Hunt ball and the County ball were occasionally held there; and the resources of Stopbridge, though of a strictly provincial order, were by no means to be contemned.

By half-past eleven o'clock on that memorable night the Castle servants, one and all of them, male and female alike, had quietly disappeared to their respective bed-room. Not one was there to be found who cared to linger in the roomy stone-floored echoing regions below on the night in October when the family ghost was said to walk. Even the ladies'-maids whose mistresses had elected to sit up and watch had in a body entreated to be released from their ordinary last duties on that particular evening.

Smoke-room and billiard-room were also alike deserted; and the elderly gentlemen had shuffled off to bed, joining their nervous spouses early for a change.

The younger ones to a man however—"for the fun of the thing," as they said—were all gallantly supporting the whim of Miss Celia Price in the upper gallery on the second floor, the vantage-ground they had chosen for their vigil, for below them was the head of the grand staircase opening out spaciously upon the gallery of the first floor, and to the right of the stairhead was the dusky entrance of the west corridor in which was situated the haunted room and whence the apparition of the

wicked Lady Linde was said to glide forth on the night of the anniversary of her fatal flight.

All lamps and chandeliers in the great still house were extinguished; dense shadow and haze of a purplish hue enwrapped the stairs and balusters and filled the space above them. Here and there from a deep-set window a shaft of wan gray light came slanting downward and touched the smooth oak floor, gleaming there fitfully amid the ghostly shadows like some murderous weapon cast aside and forgotten.

The stable-clock clanged out upon the silence a quarter to the midnight hour, and the moon was just raising her melancholy pale face above the lone black wooded heights surrounding Castle Linde.

"Ah, the moon," whispered Celia—"the moon at last! Now, if there is anything to be seen, we shall surely see it! Look—the stairhead is distinctly visible, and—— Yes—I can see a white something! I am sure I can, just beyond the hangings of the corridor entrance!"

"Oh, don't—pray don't! Let us have a light, if only a night-light!" gasped Mrs. Harkaway, who sat huddled in a chair with her face turned aside and with Felix Grant keeping guard rather stolidly at the chair-back. With tears in her eyes, she had implored him to stand there and not move, and protect her from all things evil. The air seemed full of spectres, she said.

"A light? What nonsense!" answered Celia scornfully. "Why, it would spoil everything, and nothing would happen then!"

Mrs. Harkaway shuddered again and put her handkerchief to her eyes. She was dreadfully nervous, or pretended to be so; and why did not Felix try to soothe and comfort her? she wondered to herself impatiently.

"Hark!" said Charlie Verrayne. "It is close on the stroke of twelve, and I thought I heard a click like somebody opening a door very careful! S-s-sh—silence!"

Together with several other young men, he was squatting Moslem fashion upon the gallery floor and peering between the balusters into the gloom beyond; he said they all reminded him of monkeys at the Zoo, peeping at visitors between the bars of their cage.

Charlie had spoken in a sepulchral undertone, and then he said "S-s-sh—s-s-sh!" once more; whereupon one of a group of girls who were crouching affrightedly and clutching one another around Lady Linde's chair uttered a little scream of genuine terror, at the same time glancing wildly over her shoulder at the moonlight now glimmering in through the lattice-panes of the deep old red-cushioned window set in the wall behind them.

"Not so much noise—not so much noise!" Lady Linde said, in a whisper. Her ladyship had been coaxed by Celia Price into assuming for the occasion the post of leader or chaperon to this younger and flightier division of her guests. "We shall disturb Beatrix else; and that is hardly worth while or kind, since the poor child went early to bed with her headache."

"Listen!" Yes—at last the clocks were striking twelve—first, the stable-clock, slowly and inharmoniously, with a jarring clanging and clamor enough to wake the dead, the various timepieces within the house adding directly afterwards their more silvery chimes and tones to those harsh, weird, far-traveling echoes still trembling upon the darkness outside.

Every eye was now strained towards the shadowy arched entrance of the west corridor, as if attracted in that direction by some irresistible magnetism. What would come forth from that ghostly gloom? The last echo of midnight died away mournfully, and the voice of Celia, full of awe and warning, just breathed—

"Be quiet—be calm—don't scream, anybody! The hangings stirred in the moonlight—I positively saw them—and—— Oh, look—pray look—and do not for the life of you utter a sound!"

A breathless, terrified, heart-throbbing silence reigned at that moment in the upper gallery, and the watchers one and all involuntarily as it were and simultaneously scrambled to their feet and gripped the massive balustrade in front of them.

A tall figure, dimly visible in the chill pale moonlight, robed in white from head to foot, had noiselessly appeared within the corridor arch, against the background of crimson hangings, which however looked black in the shadows of night. For a few seconds only did it remain motionless, as if pausing to consider its next step, and then, gliding swiftly towards the wide stairhead, it vanished rapidly down the shallow oak stairs and was lost in the obscurity of the hall.

It was all over in less than a minute. The figure, whatever it was, had been there one moment—the next, it had disappeared and was gone!

Well, they had seen a real ghost—so they firmly believed—at last—the notorious ghost of the wicked Lady Linde; there could be no question, no doubt whatever about it!

Then Celia ran excitedly to one of the gallery windows, pushed open a lattice, and leaned out into the night.

"Come—let us now listen for the sound of wheels," cried she—"the sound of the ghostly coach dashing off towards the downs above the sea! At—what is that? S-s-sh! Do you not hear it? Keep very quiet, everybody, and draw nearer here!" She held up her hand. "Assuredly those wheels are in the park of Castle Linde or I have never heard the sound of wheels in my life before!

They crowded round the open casement and, with breathing suspended, listened to the sound—the sound which with every instant was growing more indistinct and which would soon be deadened beyond detection in the instance and mists of the valley.

"Yes," they said, in awe-stricken whispers, staring at one another—"wheels unmistakably! It is very strange—altogether mysterious! Those wheels went spinning down the avenue to the Dornton and Stopbridge road!"

A sudden shriek here electrified them all. But it was only poor little Mrs. Harkaway, who was very much frightened, and who had fallen helpless into the arms of Felix Grant.

Some good-natured and courageous youth straightway procured a light and rushed down-stairs for brandy and other restoratives; while Charlie and Celia, withdrawn together into the embrasure of one of the roomy red-cushioned windows, murmured softly to each other and exchanged strange confidences.

"It went off splendidly, without a hitch!" was what Celia said. "But once, do you know, the agonizing thought occurred to me that you might perhaps have forgotten all about those tiresome bolts of the double glass-door in the cedar parlor. I nearly screamed aloud with anxiety when the horrible notion first seized me."

"Not I," answered Verrayne gleefully. "I oiled the whole lot twice over!"

"Poor Mrs. Harkaway!" said Celia then compassionately. "To think that she should faint in that ridiculous manner, outdoing Miss Allardyce herself!"

"A very good feint, by Jove! Poor old Felix, say I!" returned Charlie wickedly.

But that was more than Celia could stand without protest, for she then and there clapped her little hand over his mouth and thus checked his unseemly levity.

* * * * * *

"Yes, the Verraynes did it," said the society gossips afterwards—"in fact, they planned the whole disgraceful business and carried it out successfully between them. She was Celia Price, you will recollect—comes of a wildish stock—flighty, to say the least! They themselves were married almost immediately afterwards; but they will never go to Castle Linde again—that's certain! Poor dear Lady Linde was furious when she learned how shamefully she had been deceived—hoodwinked all round.

"And so of course were the Ormes themselves—Mrs. Methuen's mother and brothers—and no wonder! It was as good as arranged amongst them that she should be Lady Bearwarden sooner or later; it was to be only a question of time, they hoped. A lucky venture, though, wasn't it, for young Lieutenant Methuen? He hadn't a rap, you know, and she had half a million of her own, which came to her through that mad old godfather of hers' the Countess of Cowes. Charlie Verrayne, they say, lent the lieutenant the money to elope with—fancy that!—and his wife—Mrs. Methuen, I mean—repaid the loan at the end of the honeymoon. A decent sort of arrangement that, wasn't it? However, everybody say that they are as happy as the day is long; but I for one don't believe a word of it. Runaway matches never did turn out well yet, and never will, depend upon it!" And so on until the interest of the subject was wholly exhausted and another scandal or sensational event had cropped up to supplant it in popular esteem.

Nevertheless the rumored perfect felicity of Lieutenant Methuen and his beautiful wife was true. Their nearest country neighbors in the Isle of Wight are the Verraynes; and the friendship of the two couples is such as will stand a lifelong test, for between them exist strong mutual love and goodwill, and on one side an earnest and a hearty gratitude which until death will remain imperishable.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An advertisement, says a magazine, in any leading paper for 1000 able-bodied slaves to work without compensation, but board and clothes, the period of slavery to last one year, with privileges of renewal, would receive more than 10,000 applicants for the position—white persons at that. To such a state has our boasted freedom brought us that slavery would be a welcome escape for a million or more of our citizens. In fact, we have all the horrors of slavery, with none of its compensating features of security in food and shelter.

The report of a case of tuberculosis of the bearded face will direct attention to the danger of transmission of tuberculosis through the intermediation of the instruments used by the barber. To prevent such an occurrence, each individual should have a separate brush and cup and napkin and razor. If one razor is used in common it should not again be used before having been placed for a short time in boiling water and dried, while persons who present themselves to the barber with diseases of the bearded skin should be advised to consult medical men.

The tallow tree one of the most useful plants in China, has two or three representatives in our Southern States. The latter, however, are shrubs, while the former is a true tree. The tree is valuable to the Chinese for several purposes. Its seeds are thickly covered with a fatty substance, which, when steamed, produces a fat resembling tallow, greatly esteemed for candle making. The seeds themselves yield, by pressing, a fine liquid oil. The tree produces a hardwood which the natives use for printing blocks, while its leaves makes a fine black dye.

Captain John Ross, in speaking of something recently published in regard to the undesirability of the United States owning islands so far away as the Hawaiian Islands, says it does not appear to be generally known that the United States owns 75 islands in the North and South Pacific. They are nearly all within 12 degrees of the equator, north and south, and are principally guano islands of small size, which have been taken possession of by Americans. The American coasting laws apply to them, and foreign vessels are restricted from carrying guano from them to the United States.

Blenheim Palace, which was recently festive in celebration of the young Duke of Marlborough's coming of age, was presented to the great Duke as a reward for the brilliant military campaign that culminated in the victory of Blenheim. Though thus given, and being as much the duke's own as anything of the kind can be, it has yet to be paid for yearly by a service rendered to the Crown. That service is rendered on August 13th, the anniversary of the victory of Blenheim, and takes the form of presenting at Windsor Castle a standard with the fleur-de-lys painted on it, as a quittance for all rents, suits, and services due to the Crown. There is quite a series of these flags accumulating at Windsor.

Everyone in Copenhagen has heard of the Czar's double, a banker of the name of Carlsen. He so strongly resembles the Czar as to have been frequently mistaken for him. This flattered his vanity, and he endeavored to counterfeit his illustrious model in all respects. When it was announced that Alexander was on his way to Copenhagen, Carlsen would appear at the head of the procession in a launch exactly like the Czar's, and later on would drive his four-in-hand through the crowded streets, bowing right and left to the cheering populace. Being rich, he scattered money freely which fact added to his popularity. But the adulation he received was too much for the poor man; his reason tottered; he imagined that he really was the Czar and that Nihilists were plotting against him. He finally became insane and was sent to a madhouse, where he will remain while life lasts.

A very singular case is that of a young man named Chandler, living at Black River Falls, Wis. For years his mouth has shown a tendency to grow up. Four years ago it became so small it was feared he would starve, and a fund was raised by neighbors and he was sent to Chicago, where the mouth was cut to the natural size and pieces of flesh grafted into the corners, thus hoping to prevent the closing. This has been overcome, and his mouth is rapidly growing up again, the opening at present not being larger than an ordinary goose quill, through which he takes all his nourishment. It is thought that he must eventually starve to death, as there seems no way of preventing the complete closing of the mouth. Otherwise the young man seems healthy, and is capable of doing considerable work.

For rheumatism and neuralgia you cannot get a better remedy than Salvation Oil.

Live Piacrarily.—It is really amazing to note and to feel the entire difference in people's dispositions. There are persons with whom it would be a dear bargain to dwell one month for the price of a thousand years added to one's life; and, again, there are those whose intimate companionship for a month would be worth all of one's subsequent life. It is said that it takes two persons to make a quarrel, but it does not follow that there is always fault on both sides when two people cannot live comfortably together. Even two well-meaning people may not be able to do so. Well meaning consists with most intolerable habits, and, when one has found that the ways of a companion are established in such a sort as grind and grate perpetually upon his feelings and keep him in a constant state of annoyance and distress, let him decamp, if he can. If he cannot, let him use his best endeavors to keep sweet-tempered under the aggravating irritation.

A Friend.—Bacon tells us that the ancients used to say that a "a friend is another himself," while he added that "a friend is far more than himself." It is hardly possible that either statement could be made concerning the large number of persons whom we hold as friends in the present day. In a general way, we think of friendship as only for happiness, for joy, for leisure, for recreation; and this idea lessens its value to a people immersed in work and bent upon high endeavors. But true friendship is made of stronger and tougher material. It is for every-day wear—the darkness of adversity as well as the sunlight of success, for the busiest hours as well as for the holidays and resting-times of life. Affection is its foundation, but upon that should be built a firm and solid structure, upon which all the storms of life may beat without avail.

What ploughing, digging, and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining are to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and, as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind a number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of demagogues, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools raise.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

THE CHINAMAN AND THE CAT.

BY E. M. V.

"DAT you cat?" said the Chinaman. "Dat cat a welly nice cat."

Aunt Barbara lived at that time in a new town far out in the wild Australian country which they call "the bush."

The Chinaman had, no doubt, come from his own land once as a sailor, but he was then a sort of peddlar, who went on horseback from place to place, with bags and baskets of all kinds of things to sell—cups and saucers, tea and sugar, thimbles and pipes, shoes and stockings—everything.

When he came to Aunt Barbara's, he always admired the big black cat. It rubbed against his legs as he stood at the door; and he always said in his own way, "Is that your cat?" and called it very nice.

"Dat you cat? Dat cat a welly nice cat."

The black cat was a wonderful animal; at least, we have heard wonderful tales about him. His name was Thomas John, and he always had a mutton chop for his breakfast.

Perhaps it is necessary to explain that mutton was so very cheap there that Thomas John's chop cost only about a halfpenny.

The black cat went to bed in the kitchen every night at ten o'clock, and the lamp was put out.

Cousin Jack, who is fond of fun, says that one night Thomas John began shouting, "Mow wow!" at the top of his voice; and when Aunt Barbara went into the kitchen, she saw him sitting bolt upright in his bed, looking up at the lamp, because they had forgotten to put it out.

Aunt says it really happened, but the lamp only chanced to be alight when puss was mewing; but Cousin Jack likes to think he was calling, "Mow-wow-put-it-ow-ow-out!"

Thomas John made friends with a terrier that lived near. They went hunting together, and the black puss brought his friend home afterwards to supper.

Snap was not a clever hunter by himself; we were glad to hear that when he tried to catch rabbits, he often poked his head in at one side of a bush, while poor Bunny ran out at the other.

There are parts of Australia where the rabbits swarm in such numbers that every means is tried to get rid of them and save the grass for the sheep.

In such places cats are useful and valuable, for they at least keep the gardens clear, so that the vegetables can grow.

Now it was very shocking, but a deep-laid plot was discovered: the Chinaman meant to carry off Thomas John and sell him. He always remarked what "a welly nice cat" it was; and one day poor Thomas John was fond struggling out of one of the baskets that hung round the horse's saddle.

The peddlar was in the kitchen at the time; and no doubt he thought he had puss in the basket until he was far on the road.

Cousin Jack got a very big brown rabbit next day. It was the biggest ever seen, and he kept it in a hutch in the yard until the peddlar came round again.

It was not long before the Chinaman came and showed his wares at the door. Thomas John rubbed round his legs in the most trusting manner.

"Dat you cat?" he said. "Dat a welly nice cat."

A few minutes after Thomas John disappeared.

Now Cousin Jack was very angry at the theft, and he was as fond of tricks as any other boy.

Just as the peddlar was going away he sent the servant to call him back to the kitchen, and to buy something more.

Then, when the Chinaman was out of the way, Cousin Jack took the big brown rabbit round by the side of the house to the place where the peddlar's horse was standing with all the bag and baggage.

Jack went out with the rabbit, but came back with the cat; and nobody saw him go or come.

Aunt Barbara heard afterwards what happened a little farther on, and deeper in "the bush," a few hours later.

The Chinese peddlar stopped at a wooden house scorching in the sun, with its garden baking dry, its white fence scorching, and even the few gum-trees looking burnt up by the sun.

The man who owned the house came out. He was nearly driven to despair by the swarms of rabbits in "the bush" about there.

His pastures were cropped; his vegetables were eaten up. It was no use to fire at the little robbers. They seemed to pop out of every hole through all the country round.

"Well," he called to the peddlar, "have you got the cat?"

"Got him? Yes, sah," by which the Chinaman meant "yes, sir." He brought a large bag into the garden, and there was something moving in the bag. "Welly nice cat. Ten shilling."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "That is too much."

"Sheep cat," said the Chinaman, "welly sheep cat."

"Very dear," said the man. "I shall not give ten shillings—not even if the rabbits are going to eat me up as well as the garden."

"Nine shilling," said the Chinaman. "Feel him, sah; feel how big."

They felt the bag, and the animal for sale jumped.

"Welly nice big cat, sah. Rabbit see dat cat in you garden, rabbit run for his life. You nevah see such a welly big cat as this, sah. Eight shillings? Can't sell him sheeper; too fond of him."

They made a bargain at last. The man paid five shillings, two red pocket-handkerchiefs, and a long spoon. The Chinaman opened the bag on the garden path.

"Why does he not come out?" said the man.

"He come out soon—jump quick. Welly nice, beautiful, big cat," said the Chinaman, shaking the bag.

And out there darted, making straight for the poor man's cabbages, the biggest brown rabbit ever seen!

A shower of sods and stumps flew round the Chinaman's head, while he was still too surprised to speak.

"You cheating rascal, get out of my garden! Give me back my money!" roared the man, thinking the trick had been played on purpose, and wild with rage.

And in the midst of the shower of hard names and harder stumps and sods the Chinaman threw down the five shillings, the two handkerchiefs, and the long spoon, and fled. Nor was he ever seen in that part of the country again.

Next Saturday, however, he came round to Aunt Barbara's, thinking nothing was known there about it. He stopped his horse, and brought a basket of peddlar's goods to the door.

But when he saw Thomas John on the sunshine, he cried out something in a fright, in Chinese, and nearly sat down flat on the garden path.

"Dat you cat?" he said, drawing back, when puss wanted to rub round his legs. "Dat welly bad, black cat. Wicked cat."

Cousin Jack had to laugh. "You used to think it a very nice one," he said.

"No; welly bad," the Chinaman. "Me tell you, young gen'l'man. Dat kind o' cat turns into rabbits. You watch. Can't depend on dat cat. See him now—little ears, long tail, black; next minute, when he wants to make you jump, he go brown, long ears, little tail—rabbit. Something wrong wid dat cat."

"How do you know?" said Jack.

The Chinaman whispered, "Me see him: one day—you not by—dat cat turn into shocking big rabbit!"

"Well," said Jack, to the terror of the Chinaman, "if he turns into anything else, I hope it will be something more uncommon next time. I should like to see that very nice cat change into a yellow Chinese dragon. Look, is that the yellow beginning in his eyes?"

"Good day, sah," said the peddlar; and he did not wait to see more.

THE EDUCATED ECHO.—Some strangers of distinction were visiting the scene of a celebrated echo in the Western Highlands, being led to the place by a sturdy Highlander. On reaching the spot where a trial was to be made, the Guide put his hands to his mouth and bawled out a sentence in Gaelic, which was faithfully retransmitted to the ears of his auditors.

Thereupon one of the gentlemen, with a view to trying the strength of his voice, called out, "How far are we from home?" and back rolled the echo in language quite as distinct as that sent across.

"Weel, weel, did you ever?" exclaimed the guide.

"That is the first time, gentlemen, I ever knew the echo could speak English!"

"Oh, that is nothing!" said one of the gentlemen, laughing at the simplicity of the guide; and he repeated a few questions in French, Spanish, and Italian, to Donald's mystification and bewilderment.

"Weel, weel, shentlemen," said Donald at last, when he had recovered from his bewilderment, "whaur that echo has got its eddication beats me to tell, for she's never been oot o' the country see lang as my father an' me can mind o'!"

MEN WITH ODD BEARDS.

Men "bearded like the pard," as Shakespeare puts it, are to be met with every day in the streets.

There are, however, individuals who, in this respect, would put any respectable pard to shame, and the wonder is that their peculiarities have not been secured for advertising purposes by some enterprising proprietor of a hair-forcing preparation.

There recently died in the country an old man whose chin growth had reached the respectable proportions of over four feet in length, and who, to save himself inconvenience, both from the waywardness of the wind, and the pointed attentions of people in general when taking his walks abroad, always wore his beard buttoned up inside his waistcoat; using it as a natural chest protector. His, however, was quite a commonplace beard when compared with either of the following freaks.

Lagrand Larow is a man having a beard with possibilities before it, for although it does not hold the record at present, there is comfort for the raiser in the fact that it now measures seven feet in length—and is still growing.

Larow is a farmer in Missouri, near the Kansas border, and if he has been as successful in growing wheat and oats as he has been in growing hair, he must be in a pretty comfortable position.

Since—sixteen years ago—farmer Larow decided to let his beard grow, his fancy seems to have run on hair; his particular hobbies being the collection of portraits of long-haired people, and the exchange of photographs with any man possessing a beard over four feet long, and every unmarried lady whose tresses measure at least five feet.

Although science does not contend that beards are dangerous, there is a certain element of danger in wearing an abnormal chin appendage, and one is reminded of Hans Steininger.

Hans had a very long growth on his chin (which had run to hair so to speak), and whenever he had occasion to get either up or down stairs he was compelled to hold up his beard in the same way that ladies do their skirts.

One day, when descending a flight of stairs, he neglected to lift his beard, and getting his legs and beard mixed he trod on the latter, plunged violently forward and dashed out his brains on the landing below.

The next beard of note—which by the way is at the time of writing some six and a half inches more of a monstrosity, that is, longer than Farmer Larow's—is that which forms at once the joy and pride of M. Louis Conlon, a Frenchman.

M. Conlon was once a sculptor, but he now practically lives on—as well as up to—his beard; having taken to exhibiting his hirsute adornment to large and no doubt admiring crowds.

But alas! although M. Conlon can if he likes take a half hitch in his beard, and then leave sufficient to trail on the ground, he must perforce treat it with the greatest care and invigorate the roots with large quantities of forcing solution before he can hope to hold the record.

Ample though it undoubtedly is either for a chin ornament or for stuffing a sofa cushion, for length it sinks into comparative insignificance when the beard of Mr. Latter, an Englishman, is mentioned.

Unlike the Larow and Conlon beards—which are worn full—that possessed by Mr. Latter is more in the form of a snake; being ingeniously plaited by its owner.

It measures ten feet in length, and when it is fondled by its owner one might be pardoned for imagining that Mr. Latter was either having a life and death struggle with a boa constrictor or engaged in bringing into service the hose pipe belonging to a fire engine.

Using it as a throat wrap, by winding it round the neck eight or nine times and tucking the surplus "material" away inside his vest, Mr. Latter is in a position to defy the searching powers of the most chilly of winter blasts, without even troubling to turn his collar up.

This is a beard with a reputation to keep up: one which may fairly be entitled to be described as stupendous.

"TAKE cold snaps just take the life out me," said the withered vine as it clung closer to the veranda post and shivered violently. "I feel pretty well run down myself," replied the mercury in the thermometer. "This weather breaks me all up," added the water pipe.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Divorce is steadily on the increase in France.

Strawberries are in bloom in Lexington, Ky.

The church spire originated about the eleventh century.

Vaccination matinees have become quite the fashion in Paris.

There are supposed to be over 750,000 varieties of insects.

Most spiders have eight eyes, although some species have only six.

Clergymen come next in number to mechanics under the head of inventors.

Every year the United States produces about 563,000,000 pounds of tobacco.

The largest horse on record is claimed by Detroit. The animal weighs 2365 pounds.

Cremation is becoming popular in Italy. That country already has 21 crematoriums.

Bells, says a writer, toll for the making or breaking of engagements in some German towns.

Five gold nuggets are said to have been found in the crop of a turkey killed recently at Gainesville, Ga.

"Æsop's Fables," by Caxton, published in 1484, was the first book printed, it is said, with its pages numbered.

A "hard times social," at which the menu was hominy served on shingles, was held at Milton, Oregon, recently.

A publication called "School" is issued in New York, and Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress appear in England.

A sportsman claims to have lately captured at Baudon, Oregon, a seven-inch speckled trout with two mouths, one above the other.

Reports to the Connecticut State Board of Health show that the law requiring registration of births and deaths has not been enforced in a single town.

If all the cabs in London were put in a line, there would be a total length of 44 miles of cabs. Yet in London there is only standing room for 28 miles of them.

The deaths of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Kendle, of Bridgeboro, N. J., both of whom were about 80 years old, occurred one day lately within two hours of each other.

A junk dealer in New York makes a specialty of second hand carved tobacco signs, which he buys cheap, and, retouching them with paint, sells them at a good profit.

A skating contest in which several boys tried to see who could skate nearest to a hole in the ice was held at Colon, Mich., the other day. The winner was pulled out with a pike pole.

A correspondent of a New York paper says that 90 seconds is very near the record of breath holding. Incidentally it may be added that the ability to do this indicates strong heart action.

The City Council of Emporia, Kansas, has passed an ordinance placing so high a license tax on the sale of cigarettes as to make the sale of tobacco in that form practically prohibitory in that city.

Professor Falb, a Vienna astronomer, who is given the credit in some European papers of having made several hits heretofore with his predictions, says this planet will be knocked out by a comet about November 13, 1899.

Eleven-year-old Charles Prendergast, of Montreal, died recently from injuries received by the collapse of his snow house, which completely buried him. He remained in that position for 8 hours, finally being dug out.

Sir Charles Dilke is quoted as saying that the British Empire spends at least $260,000,000 a year for defence; France spends $300,000,000; Germany spends $190,000,000, and Russia $170,000,000 annually on their armies and navies.

The habit of wearing the pigtail has been universal in China since 1644, when the present dynasty, which is Tartar, came into power by conquest. It was then decreed that all men of whatever degree or rank should wear the pigtail to show their loyalty.

A female fortune teller in New York has been arrested on the charge of receiving money under false pretences, on complaint of a Miss Goldstein, to whom she foretold that she would get, within six months, a husband, who has not yet come a-wooing, though the time is up.

A foreigner who recently applied for naturalization papers at Manch Chunk, Pa., was unable to give the name of the present President, and, upon being further questioned, confessed ignorance as to whether he had been living since his migration to this country under a republic or monarchy.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, in an address on athletic life, says that abstinence from alcoholic fluid is absolutely necessary. As long as you are in course of training, don't touch the hurtful thing. It will undermine all the qualities on which you depend for success, will injure your precision, your decision, your presence of mind and your endurance.

DARLING.

BY W. W. LONG.

Here in the shadows
  Your voice comes to me;
In the shadows here
  From out the sea;
But you are lost to me,
You, who are part of me,
Lost in eternity—
  Darling.

ON EXTINCTION.

The passing away of ineffective things, the entire rejection by Nature of the plans of life, is the essence of tragedy. In the world of animals, that runs so curiously parallel with the world of men, we can see and trace only too often the analogies of our grimmer human experiences.

Among them are the pterodactyls, the first of vertebrated animals to spread a wing to the wind, and follow the hunted insects to their last refuge of the air. How triumphantly and gloriously these winged lizards, these original dragons, must have floated through their new empire of the atmosphere! If their narrow brains could have entertained the thought, they would have congratulated themselves upon having gained a great and inalienable heritage for themselves and their children for ever.

And now we cleave a rock and find their bones, and speculate doubtfully what their outer shape may have been. No descendants are left to us. The birds are no offspring of theirs, but lighter children of some clumsy "deinosaurs." The pterodactyls also have heard the judgment of extinction, and are gone altogether from the world.

The long roll of palæontology is half filled with the records of extermination; whole orders, families, groups, and classes have passed away and left no tradition upon the living fauna of the world. Many fossils of the older rocks are labelled in our museums, "of doubtful affinity."

Nothing living has any part like them, and the baffled zoologist regretfully puts them aside. What they mean, he cannot tell. They hint merely at shadowy dead sub-kingdoms, of which the form eludes him. Index fingers are they, pointing into unfathomable darkness, and saying only one thing clearly, the word "Extinction."

In the living world of to-day the same forces are at work as in the past. One Fate still spins, and the gleaming scissors cut. In the last hundred years the swift change of condition throughout the world, due to the invention of new means of transit, geographical discovery, and the consequent "swarming" of the whole globe by civilized men, has pushed many an animal to the very verge of destruction. It is not only the dodo that has gone; for dozens of genera and hundreds of species, this century has witnessed the writing on the wall.

In the fate of the bison extinction has been exceptionally swift and striking. In the "forties" so vast were their multitudes that sometimes, "as far as the eye could reach," the plains would be covered by a galloping herd. Thousands of hunters, tribes of Indians, lived upon them. And now! It is improbable that one specimen in an altogether wild state survives. If it were not for the merciful curiosity of men, the few hundred that still live would also have passed into the darkness of non-existence.

Following the same grim path are the seals, the Greenland whale, many Australian and New Zealand animals and birds ousted by more vigorous imported competitors, the black rat, endless wild birds. The list of destruction has yet to be made in its completeness. But the grand bison is the statuesque type and example of the doomed races.

Can any of these fated creatures count? Does any suspicion of their dwindling numbers dawn upon them? Do they, like the Red Indian, perceive the end to which they are coming? For most of them, unlike the Red Indian, there is no alternative of escape by interbreeding with their supplanters. Simply and unconditionally, there is written across their future, plainly for any reader, the one word "Death."

Surely a chill of solitude must strike to the heart of the last stragglers in the rout, the last survivors of the defeated and vanishing species. The last shaggy bison, looking with dull eyes from some western bluff across the broad prairies, must feel some dim sense that those wide rolling seas of grass were once the home of myriads of his race, and are now his no longer. The sunniest day must shine with a cold and desert light on the eyes of the condemned. For them the future is blotted out, and hope is vanity.

These days are the days of man's triumph. The awful solitude of such a position is almost beyond the imagination. The earth is warm with men. We think always with reference to men. The future is full of men to our preconceptions, whatever it may be in scientific truth. In the loneliest position in human possibility, humanity supports us.

But Hood, who sometimes rose abruptly out of the most mechanical punning to sublime heights, wrote a travesty, grotesquely fearful, of Campbell's "The Last Man." In this he probably hit upon the most terrible thing that man can conceive as happening to man; the earth desert through a pestilence, and two men, and then one man, looking extinction in the face.

VARYING INTERVALS.—As a matter of fact, thunder and lightning occur simultaneously; the interval observed between the phenomena being due to the fact that sound only travels at the rate of eleven hundred feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. But it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunderstorm is away. A normal pulse will beat about one stroke to the second, and by counting the pulse-beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles. For example: If thirty seconds elapse between the flash of the the lightning and the crash of thunder, the storm centre is at a distance of thirty-three thousand feet, or about six and a quarter miles. An almost accurate caculating can be made by using a watch with a minute dial.

Grains of Gold.

In bringing up a child, think of its old age.

It is better to suffer than to sin.

There can be no real life where there is no love.

All sins are big, no matter how small they look.

No man can sow idleness and reap prosperity.

Always look after things before they get by you.

Those who would lead others should always look up.

It enlightens a duty to resolve to perform it cheerfully.

A civil tongue is a better weapon than a bowie knife.

What you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

A desire to resist oppression is implanted in the nature of man.

It is useless to confess our sins, unless we are willing to forsake them.

Never do anything before children that you do not want them to imitate.

Keep your heart full of sunshine, and God will soon give you a face to match it.

There is more help in an ounce of encouragement than there is in a ton of advice.

In counsel it is good to see dangers, but in execution not to see them, unless they are very great.

The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our childhood may have consequences very important and of a long duration.

Femininities.

To relieve the pain of rheumatism rub the afflicted joint with kerosene.

Good players of the harp are said to be the scarcest of all musical performers.

A shrewd hardware dealer is advertising ladies' skates that require 20 minutes to put on.

Some men get a reputation for bravery just because they are able to conceal how scared they are.

There is a difference between sitting before the fire and thinking about doing good, and going out into the cold and doing it.

Death has been unusually severe to the family of A. J. Stuhrk, of Louisville, removing 12 members of the family in the past two years.

An old maids' insurance company that pays weekly benefits to unmarried women over 40 years of age, has been incorporated in Denmark.

At the close of a conjugal jar. He: "My dear, do you think I am generally ill-natured?" She: "No; I think you are particularly so!"

To remove rust from kettles or other ironware, rub with kerosene oil and let them stand. Keep a day, then wash with hot water and soap.

Mrs. Anna Peterson, aged 60 years, returned to her home at Pueblo, Colorado, lately, after walking from the Cherokee Strip, a distance of 650 miles.

The death of Hannah Dempsey, a domestic, at Marylebone, England, recently, was caused by blood-poisoning, the result of wearing dyed stockings.

After an absence of 31 years, Emil Freynt returned to his only surviving sister, Miss Elise Freynt, at English, Indiana, a few weeks ago. Mr. Freynt is 72 years old.

A French woman has issued, in the name of the Woman's Suffrage League, a manifesto protesting against the practice of women working for the support of their husbands.

Miss Ellen Terry has been interviewed by the Boston reporters. One of them has found out that her opinion of progressive woman is "that she is more in danger of wearing out than rusting out."

A calm and quiet way of meeting all sorts of domestic vicissitudes and of doing the work of each day, be it more or less, equalizes the pressure of care, and prevents its becoming oppressive.

There is about to be an exhibition of cats at Brussels. Nearly 200 grimalkins have already been entered. Among them are cats from Siam and the Isle of Man, wild and Persian cats, and two of enormous dimensions.

Returned traveler: "I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?"

Old friend: "Long ago! She married him."

"Do you like to look at the hogs?" said Farmer Richland to his little niece from the city. "Yes, indeed, uncle," replied the intelligent child; "but I can't make out yet which pig it is that gives the boneless bacon."

The courtesy of remaining bareheaded while conversing with a woman is in general use on the continent of Europe, almost totally ignored in England, and practiced but fairly often in America, chiefly among Southerners.

Jack: "I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara! Can't you say yes or no right out?"

Clara: "Oh, you just wait until we're married, and you'll find I can speak out quick enough."

Mrs. Peachblow: "Why does your husband carry such a tremendous amount of life insurance, when he's in such perfect good health?"

Mrs. Flicker: "Oh, just to tantalize me. Men are naturally cruel."

Ellen: "There's one thing that doesn't suit me about this engagement."

Eva: "What is it?"

Ellen: "Tom didn't have to go up to town for the engagement ring. He simply went up to his room for it."

Berlin's city fathers have just issued a decree to the effect that the pupils of all the municipal schools of the city are to be taught skating as a part of their educational course. The ice will be artificially manufactured and laid in the courtyards of the schools.

Wife: "I'm not going to that dressmaker again. She is not so fashionable as she used to be."

Husband: "Why, that dress is one of the most stylish I ever saw!"

Wife: "Yes; but she sent it home the day she promised."

Miss Straitlace: "Do you see that poor blind beggar-woman at the corner, Madge? How pitiful it is to see her sitting there in the crowd with that card, 'I am blind,' suspended around her neck!"

Miss Follibud: "Yes, it is pitiful; but just think what a delightful chaperon she would make!"

Masculinities.

If there were no bad men there would be no bad women.

The docks of Liverpool are said to be capable of holding 20,000 vessels of all dimensions.

Charles Griswold, over 62, of New Britain, Conn., is one of the best bicycle riders in his State.

The man who dresses to please his wife should never be asked to perform any further penance.

Friend: "What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer?"

Miss Catchem, innocently: "Which one?"

The best of men who ever wore earth about him was a meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.

According to a decree just rendered by the British courts of law, payments cannot be enforced for any order given to a debtor on Sunday.

Only as each man or each woman performs his or her personal duty in any department of life can that department be lifted to a higher plane.

The young men residents of Roberta, Ga., are talking of forming a club, and as each member of the organization marries the others are to give him $5.

"I feel now quite satisfied that there is no life so happy as a married one."

"And how long have you been married?"

"Since last Wednesday."

Life is full of disappointments. Many a girl who expects to marry and settle down finds she has to settle way up on the top floor of a ten-story tenement house.

It is said that if a girl spends all her time poking a fire in the grate she will make a nagging wife. If she leaves it alone and gives it a chance to get started right that is the girl to tie to.

A woman in Oakland, Cal., sued for divorce, shot her husband during the trial in a fit of jealous rage, then nursed him back to health, fell in love with him again, and is now living with him.

This Buffalo burglar is a born diplomat. He recently sent a man two theatre tickets, and while the latter was attending the performance with his wife, the former robbed the house at leisure.

Lieutenant John H. Alexander, who has been appointed Professor of Military Science and Tactics in the Wilberforce (Ohio) University, is the first colored man to receive an appointment of this kind.

Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, a direct descendant of Attila, King of the Huns, is dangerously ill. The Prince, who is now aged 30 years, used to wear a cap of which the aigrette alone contained 5000 brilliants.

A young man living at Arnot, Pa., was married a few days ago to a girl in Towanda. On his wedding day he missed the train by a few minutes, but, by chartering a locomotive, reached the church just in time.

Mr. Caffrey, of Louisiana, is said to be the only member of the United States Senate who changes his neckties daily. He wears only blue ties, but in every manner of the lighter shades of that color, and never the same shade two days in succession.

M. Roux, a French physician, recommends as a cure for colds the inhalation of cologne water, poured on a handkerchief—by the nose if the cold is in the head, by the mouth if the cold is on the chest—and cites astonishing cures by this simple remedy.

It is said that a police magistrate of Baltimore has decided that eating peanuts in church disturbed religious worship. He fined Morris Whittington and James Brow, both colored, each $10 and costs for insisting on munching peanuts after being requested to stop.

"How are you getting along with your music lessons?" asked the caller.

"Very peaceably now," replied the resolute girl.

"What do you mean?"

"The neighbors on both sides of us have moved."

Fond mother: "How do you like your new governess, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Oh, I like her ever so much."

"I'm so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last."

"Oh, she's awful nice. She says she doesn't care whether I learn anything or not as long as pop pays her salary."

"Wise men hesitate, only fools are certain," remarked a man to his wife, when she was arguing a point with him.

"I don't know about that," she said.

"Well, I am certain of it!" he replied, so emphatically that she laughed in his face. And he has been wondering ever since what she thought was so funny about it.

The Harvard Overseers have voted to name the Harvard annex Radcliffe College. This is a somewhat tardy recognition of the first woman who encouraged the college with a gift of money, one Dame Moulton, of England, whose maiden name was Anne Radcliffe, and who, in 1640, sent to the New World institution one hundred pounds sterling for its benefit.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The wider scope given to trimming effects on skirts by their widening at the base has brought in very pretty adjustments in flouncing. A late example exhibits a flounce in very narrow knife pleatings forming six long points, with a top in eight shirrings and adjusted above seven tiny ruffles. The pointed flounce is placed just below the knee line. The material of the skirt above the flounce was white satin, with a widely-scattered pattern of bunches of violets with love knots. The flounce was in violet silk, and the ruffles alternately of white satin and this silk. The waist was round, cut low, with surplice folds of violet velvet below a top of Venetian lace. The sleeves were formed by a very large puff with a ruffle of lace crossed by a strap of velvet. The lace reached out over the sleeves, which were short, and terminated above the elbow.

It is by no means easy to say which kind of umbrella handle carries the day in the opinion of our elegantes. If one triumphs over the others, it is probably the pierced silver, with red, blue, or moss-green tint showing through the interstices. Tortoise-shell handles tipped with gold or silver are the quietest and best for everyday use. Silver and gilt caps on ivory handles are less obtrusive than those of last year, being much smaller. Bizarre designs are altogether out of the running at present; crooks or straight handles, terminating with balls or capped, are the vogue alone.

The newest veils are certainly the most becoming. Generally they are shaped, but some have straight cut ends, the lace border being carried along them. Fine black net and white, or Russian net of very simple patterns are alone fashionably used. A charming example is that of black net, spotted with a white silk embroidered star, and edged with a narrow applique of white lace; the design a scroll and flower. Another, bordered with an applique of lace, is powdered with lace sprigs. A third is spotted with white chenille, and bordered with a narrow Valenciennes edging. Colored chenille spots have gone out; nothing but black and white is considered the thing to wear.

It is not to be denied that frizzes have become rather common; but they are so generally becoming, hiding any little defect in the shape of the forehead, or scarcity of hair on the temples, that many ladies are loth to give them up.

Many of the new evening gowns are made with a bodice or sleeves of velvet or brocade in a different color and material from the skirt. Bodices of brocade are worn with skirts of silk, satin, or some light and thin material. Very young ladies wear bodices of soft muslin or crepe, either matching some tint in the brocade of the dress or contrasting effectively with the tints of the silk. A very pretty arrangement consists of a skirt of brocade deeply vandyked and reaching to the knee, the vandykes edged with a pretty sparkling trimming. The points of this skirt fall over plaited tulle flounces, gathered very full as well as plaited. The bodice is cut in the same way in points about the upper part and filled in to the neck with puffings of the tulle.

An earnest student of human nature once said that the most melancholy sight in the world is to see a fat man with a boil on the back of his neck try to flirt with a girl in a fourth-story window. But for real downright yard-wide sadness the average woman on a wet day distances all competitors. The real test of good dressing is a rain storm, for it is only the woman of great moral rectitude that is anything but a sight to shudder at in a downpour. It is easy enough to be pretty when the sun shines and the sky is clear, but directly the clouds gather demoralization sets in, and the result is enough to make a man cross the street to avoid his own best girl.

The first mistake a woman makes on a rainy day is to put on her oldest shoes, run down at the heel, and perhaps with a button or two missing. Now there is never a day when a woman's feet are so much in evidence as on a rainy day, when she gathers up her petticoats out of the wet. Why wouldn't it be a scheme to have a pair of rainy-day shoes, perfectly fitting, thoroughly high principled in the matter of fastening, prettily shaped and natty in style? Of course the first rainstorm would take off the finish of the leather, but that isn't what is noticed. It is the general outline, the fit, as if the boot was put on hot—the neatness of it all, that attracts.

The next mistake a woman makes is in putting on a white petticoat, because "it will wash." After the first slough of despair at the crossing is passed, it will flop dismally and drearily about the ankles the rest of the day. A wet flopping skirt about one's heels like that is more depressing than a death in the family.

A very jaunty new cape is made of black satin horizontally striped with narrow bands of beaver. Between each band of fur is an insertion of jet. The rolling collar is of beaver, and the bands of fur start where the collar ends, first forming a yoke and then extending down the cape about as far as the elbow.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Marbled Chicken.—Take a fat, full-grown chicken, and, after dressing it in the usual manner, wash and boil until very tender, using only a small quantity of water, and season with pepper, salt, and butter. Cut all the meat from the bones, keeping the breast and dark-colored meat separate. With a sharp knife chop the meat moderately fine, and press in a large bowl, putting the white and dark meat in alterate layers. Strain the liquors in which the fowl was cooked and pour it over the meat. Set on the ice until thoroughly cold; turn from the bowl, cut in thin slices and serve with sliced lemons.

Charcoal.—The most thorough housekeepers are learning the value of charcoal as a preservative and purifier and absorbent of moisture. Many keep a shallow vessel filled with it broken quite fine in the ice chest and food cupboards throughout the summer. A few pieces of it are often put into poultry or game that has been drawn, when, if wrapped in confectioner's paper and hung in a cool place, they will keep sweet several days. Fresh fish may be cleaned, sprinkled with salt, wrapped in paper, and then covered with charcoal.

Chocolate Biscuits.—Mix together one-fourth pound each of finely-grated chocolate and well-sifted sugar, then moisten with sufficient well-beaten white of egg to make a soft paste. Mould it into biscuits with a spoon, place a little distance from each other on a sheet of paper; bake in a moderate oven, and when sufficiently cooked turn the paper over and slightly damp it with water to loosen the biscuits. To make chocolate macaroons process in the same way, only add about six ounces of sweet almonds blanched and pounded.

Parsnips with Butter Sauce.—Scrape the parsnips well, then cut them into pieces two inches long, and slice them not too thin. Put them into a pan with cold acidulated water. Have in a saucepan on the fire some boiling water. Add to it a little vinegar and salt, the parsnips, and a piece of butter, and cook them on a brisk fire until tender; then drain them and return them to the saucepan. Add a good butter sauce, season with pepper and salt, toss them well together, and serve.

Boned Chicken.—Boil a young fowl until tender: remove the meat from the bones, chop fine and season with pepper, salt and butter, and pour over it the liquor that the chicken was cooked in, which should be boiled down to a jelly; put it in a basin and press down with a weight until it is cold; keep in a cool place. Slice with a very sharp knife.

Gilt Frames.—To clean gilt frames rub them with a little sal volatile mixed with cold water, or, after dusting the frames well, paint the gilding with a camel's hair brush dipped in the following mixture. One gill of water in which one ounce of common salt, one ounce of alum and two ounces of purified nitre have been dissolved.

Pickled Oysters.—Rinse the oysters in their liquor, strain it upon them and let them come to a boil; then take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare pure cider vinegar by boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, cloves and nutmeg and when perfectly cold pour it over the oysters and keep them in a covered stone jar.

Scalloped Oysters.—Sprinkle a buttered dish with bread or cracker crumbs, then put in a layer of oysters, lay on bits of butter, sprinkle over a little pepper and salt, and so on until the dish is full, leaving the crumbs on top; moisten with the liquor from the oysters. Take half an hour in a quick oven.

Coffee Stains.—Coffee stains should not be obstinate if treated as follows: Rub the stain before the cloth has been laundried with a mixture made by dissolving the yoke of an egg in a little lukewarm water. Wash with clean warm water and the stain will vanish with it.

For Hoarseness.—A baked lemon is said to be an excellent remedy for hoarseness and one that is often resorted to by singers and public speakers. The lemon is baked like an apple and a little of the heated and thickened juice squeezed over lump sugar.

Sachets.—Violet and orris make the best combination for bureau and chiffonier sachets. The orris imparts a delicious odor of cleanliness, and the violet gives just the suspicion of actual fragrance that is needed.

The safest means of getting rid of a bad cough is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

She Would Rather Die.—One of the most estimable of women is subject to fainting fits, and confidently expects some day to die during one of them. A few weeks ago, while conversing with a neighbor, she felt one of the spells coming over her. She called to her friend to summon Dr. D——. The friend sent for the family physician, who immediately came to the house. Meanwhile the sufferer was sure she was dying.

"Oh, Mrs.——," she sobbed hysterically, "I know I am going this time. I'm dying. Good-bye, Mrs.——."

The doctor at once applied the usual restoratives, but they seemed of no avail. The sufferer appeared to be gradually losing her breath, and the doctor believing she was expiring, called to her friend—

"Mrs. ——, take off her shoes, please; we must keep up the circulation somehow."

When the friend lifted one foot to remove the shoe the sufferer kicked her friend's hands with the other foot.

The doctor not noticing this, reached down and picked up one of his patient's feet. The sufferer evidently in her last gasps, kicked him also, but the doctor was determined.

"Mrs. ——," he said, "your shoes must come off."

"Don't, doctor," gurgled the patient, "don't doctor, I'm dying."

"I know it, Mrs. ——," he said, "but those shoes must come off."

"Oh, no, doctor," she pleadly feebly. "I would rather die."

"But I say yes," answered the now frightened doctor; "and I'll take them off, too."

"Oh, doctor, please don't please don't."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. ——, but——"

Raising herself with a powerful effort the patient gasped—

"Please don't take off my shoes, doctor; my—my—stockings are full of holes!"

The effect seemed to bring back life to the sufferer, and in half-an-hour she was as well as ever, with a new pair of stockings on, fully ready for the next faint that might come.

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—AND—

Blonde and Brunette,

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Recent Book Issues.

The Mascot Publishing Company, New York, has published an interesting novel entitled "The Romance of a Dry Goods Drummer," by Marie Walsh.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" as an illustrated magazine for Sunday and general reading occupies a field peculiarly its own, and occupies it in such a way that it becomes a favorite visitor in many thousands of intelligent families. Its Sunday reading is always of a practical, forceful and interesting character, and its serials and short stories and general articles are never disappointing, while the numerous illustrations are of artistic merit. The February number is one of rare interest.

The February "St. Nicholas" contains Dr. Eastman's story of Sioux life, and Brander Matthews takes up Benjamin Franklin's career. "Good Neighbors" is a fanciful story by Tudor Jenks. Mr. William T. Hornaday continues his Natural History studies on "The Quadrupeds of North America," and "The Monkeys of North America." "Tom Sawyer Abroad" is continued by Mark Twain. Mrs. Collins, of the Dead-letter Office, describes that subject. In this February number we find a clever poem by Helen Gray Cone; a pretty, versified conceit by Mary Bradley, and a humorous picture by F. S. Church. All the other parts of this magazine are of a like high character. Published at New York.

The readers of "The Popular Science Monthly" will cordially welcome Dr. Andrew D. White back to its pages. In the February number he begins a new series of his Warfare of Science papers. The recent death of Prof. Tyndall gives occasion for an account of "Tyndall and his American Visit;" illustrated papers are: "Where Bananas Grow," "The Physical Conditions of the Deep," and "The Wandering Jew at the Salpetriere." Among the many other valuable articles is one by Prof. Wesley Mills, M. D., on "Heredity in Relation to Education. Prof. M. B. Anderson contributes a "Sketch of David Starr Jordan," president of Stanford University, and a frontispiece portrait of President Jordan is given. Published at New York.

A prominent feature of the Midwinter "Century" is its fiction, which has not a little variety of scene and style. There is the first part of a four-part story by Mary Hallock Foote, entitled "Coeur d'Alene," dealing with the labor troubles in the mining regions of Idaho. Mr. George Wharton Edwards contributes a short sketch—the first of several—entitled "P'tit Matinic' Monotones," relating to life on the northeastern coast of the United States and accompanied by the author's illustrations. In the group of posthumous papers by James Russell Lowell there is a short, pithy, and charming essay on "Criticism and Culture." February being the birth-month of Lincoln and Washington, the number contains material relating to both. The contributions relating to art are: Cole's notes on Nicolaas Maes in the series on the Old Dutch Masters; an example in the American Artist Series of the work of Louis Loeb; and an article by Mrs. Edmund Gosse on the home-life and methods of work of Alma-Tadema. Two articles of a unique sort are "The American Tramp at Home;" a paper on "Indian Music;" a group of "Irish Songs;" a diverting article by Washington Gladden relates to "The Myth of Land-Bill Allen," are all good. Among the contributions to the "Lighter Vein" department one is by the elder Salvini, entitled "Accidents of the Tragic Stage." Published at New York.

FAULTS.—Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not. Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water. The best of us have our faults which taint our good qualities and lessen their power and influence. The most powerful men often distinguish themselves in great achievements more by fortuitous circumstances and available opportunities than by well-concerted and meritorious actions; in politics, in mercantile business, and in all professions. Men of envious and malignant disposition will resort to the most despicable means to carry out their purposes. Plutarch says of Antony, that he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, he was extremely repentant, and ready to apologise to those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishment, but his generosity was more extravagant than his severity. He never imagined that those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence, nor knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting to present a sense of satiety.

L. G. W.

COMFORT AND LUXURY.—No one can say where comfort slides into luxury. What seems like elysium to one is commonplace to another, what one esteems a daily necessity another regards as a luxury not to be thought of. There is no precise standard to which we are bound to conform, no exact limit which we can censure our neighbor for overstepping. But, though no iron rule can be laid down in this matter, each one for himself or herself can and ought to decide how far to yield to the desire for comfort, and where to resist it. Of course the first and most obvious tests is how far we are ably rightly to afford it. To gratify it at the expense of honesty, to spend money for it when we do not pay our debts, to minister to our own comfort when those dependent upon us are pinched or suffering—these are of all things the most despicable. Yet how much of this is done, and how eager is the attempt at justification!

SUCCESSFUL LIFE.—We touch one another in all life's associations. We impress more or less all with whom we come in contact. In the home, in society, in business, and in church we leave our mark. It becomes us all, then, to inquire what kind of an impression we are making upon childhood and manhood in our several spheres of influence. Is it for good or for evil? If for good, then our life is worth the living; if for evil, then it is a failure. A true and successful life is one the touch of which upon others is quickening, wholesome, purifying, and beneficent.

IN the most crowded precinct of Boston, the recent tenement house census found the average number of persons in a house to be 17.81, and the average number of persons in a room 1.63. In the most instances, the average number of persons to a room was 3.30, but in all Boston there were found but 656 persons occupying tenements in which the average number to a room was three or over.

THE DIAMOND.—Sir Robert Ball, in an address, described the diamond as consisting of an enormous number of separate molecules, swinging to and fro among themselves at a rate of some millions of vibrations a second, all in action together, and quivering with the shocks of impact. If we had a microscope which would magnify a million times, we might be able to see this action; all we can do at present is to believe it. The cause of the diamond's extreme hardness and impenetrability is that, when a steel point is pressed against it, the active molecules batter that point with such vehmence and rapidity that it cannot get beneath the crystalline surface. In cutting glass the molecules of the diamond drive the molecules of the glass before them, or mow them down like a mitrailleuse.

ANSWERS THAT DIDN'T ANSWER.—The following are reported to be some of the replies given by candidates for clerkships in the Post-Office Department, in making, during an examination, their written statements as to the medical histories of their families or themselves: "Father had sunstroke, and I caught it of him." "My little brother died of some funny name." "A great white cat drawed my sister's breath and she died of it." "Apperplexity." "Parasles." "I caught Tiber fever in the Hacknoy Road." "I had scarnders." "Burralger in the head." "Rummitanic pains." "Shortness of breadth." "Carracattle fever." "Indigestion of the lungs." "Sister was consumpted; now she's quite well again." "Sister died of compulsion." "Toncertina in the throat." "Pistoles on the back."

WHY SHE IS HAPPY.—There is only happy woman in Russia—the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "As happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is so happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman, and his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to the children and half to the Government.

This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife if he can, and causes him to take very good care of her after he has secured her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head.

It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest—infinitely better than to be the wife of nobleman.

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Humorous.

TICK.

The happy hours they fled too quickly by,
Low burned the lamp's dim wick;
"Wilt trust me, love?"
(Her silence gave consent;)
The clock too gave him tick.
—U. N. Nonn.

Wet to the skin—Rain.

A hard rider—An equestrian statue.

It seems quite natural that business should be a trifle unsteady when money is tight.

Smith: "Hallo, Jones! You wearing glasses! What's that for?" Jones, who dislikes to have his spectacles alluded to: "Corns!"

At Naples.—Tourist: "That's Vesuvius, isn't it?" Policeman: "Yes." Tourist: "Will you tell me when the next eruption will occur?"

"The old Colonel's done for."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; can't kill a man at twenty-yards without his spectacles."

Visitor: "So you have a little baby brother?" Little girl: "Yes'm. I prayed for a little baby sister, but I s'pose the angels had run out of girl babies."

"Revenge," said Tommy, after a whipping as he entered the storeroom and consumed several pots of his mother's best company jam, "is sweet!"

The blind man may not be able to see the point of a joke, but he can feel the point of a pin when he sits down on it, and some people think that's a joke.

Mamma, to little Jimmy, who is saying his prayers: "Now, Jimmy, ask God to bring papa home safely." Jimmy: "Please, Dod, bring papa home on a safety."

"The flea is hated by mankind worse than any other insect—and do you know why?" "Haven't the slightest idea." "Because it makes them scratch for a living."

Muggins: "Hello, Buggins! What are you doing now?" Buggins: "I'm a mail carrier!" Muggins: "Mail carrier, eh?" Buggins: "Yes, my wife had twins a few days ago, both boys."

Hocus: "What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?" Pocus: "I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in the hospital."

"Jenkins has struck luck at last." "What's he done?" "Invented a fishing pole with an automatic pair of scales on it that weighs the big fish that always gets away and makes a record of it."

"Johnny, you tell me you have been to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, Johnny, your hair is wet."

"Yes, sir; it was a Baptist Sunday-school.

First young woman: "Miss Passeigh behaves very distantly toward that young man to whom she is engaged."

Second young woman: "Yes. It is so discreet of her. She knows he is near-sighted."

"Yes," said Gibley, "it came pretty near being a wedding between Miss Bly and me; but she said there was one thing I lacked. I asked her what that one thing was, and she said, 'Don't ask me; you'll call me mercenary.' So I didn't press her."

"I always suspected that cashier," said a member of the board of directors.

"Maybe he'll turn up," said another. "You can't always judge a man by his appearance."

"No; but in a case like this it is pretty safe to judge him by his disappearance."

"I wish you would pay this bill, sir," said Kuttaway.

"I'll pay you next month," returned Dedbroak.

"That's what you said last month, sir."

"I know it. I reiterate the statement.

Bingo, to real estate agent: "Now, sir, my wife has taken a great fancy to that last house you showed us, but it's a little more than I want to pay. Can't you throw out some objection that will make her change her mind?" Real Estate Agent: "Yes, sir; I'll tell her you say you won't live in any other."

An Argyllshire elder was asked how the kirk got along. He said: "Aweel, we had 400 members. Then we had a division, and there were only 300 left; then a disruption, and only ten of us were left. Then we had a heresy trial, and now there is only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' great doots of Duncan's orthodoxy."

Harry and Rob were brothers, 8 and nine years of age. Coming late from school one day, their mother said: "Why are you late, boys?"

Robby, the younger, was usually the spokesman on such occasions, and he replied: "We stopped."

"What did you stop for?" said mamma.

"To see two boys fighting."

"Indeed! And who were the boys?"

"Harry was one."

"Ah, indeed! And who was the other?"

"The other was me," answered the unabashed Robby.

Dolls for Firewood.—All who have traveled on the Continent will recollect the exorbitant charge for wood and the expensive luxury of a constant fire.

One gentleman, who was spending some weeks in a German city, asserts that he found that large wooden dolls, which were plentiful in the shops, gave him a better fire, since the wood was well-seasoned, while they cost less than bundles of wood bought at the hotel.

He aroused much curiosity, as, day after day, a large basket of dolls was sent from one or another shop to his room, until it was discovered that he used them for firewood.

While Mark Twain was in Paris, one of his friends was married there, and with his customary humor, he bought a basket of wood, tied it fancifully with bright ribbons, and sent it to his friend, with his card, upon which was written—"The most expensive present I could find." This, as one may readily imagine, afforded much amusement.

Drawn With the Thumb Nail.—In picture collections to be seen both in China and Japan, are specimens of some most remarkable pictures of kinds drawn with the thumb nail.

The nails of the thumb on the left hand of these peculiar artists are taken great care of, and are allowed to grow to an enormous length, sometimes to ten or twelve inches. They are then pared down to a pen-shaped point, the point being scraped thin in order to make it flexible.

Dipping this oddly-constructed pen in beautiful vermilion or sky-blue ink, the only kinds used in "sacred" thumb-nail drawings, the artist gracefully outlines his work.

Occasionally the bold touches from the studio of a master in this department of "art" are life-size, and are sketched by a few sweeps of the artist's arm. Like other Oriental pictures and sketches, these sacred thumb-nail pictures are mounted and rolled up like scrolls.

Fatal.—Scene: A Petty Sessions in Northamptonshire. Two men charged with trespassing in search of game. The defence was that they were in search of mushrooms, and that the dog, which is said to have run a hare, was a pet of the wife of one of the men, and utterly innocent of sporting matters.

The dog was in court, and certainly looked harmless enough. Dog's appearance evidently told in his master's favor.

The keeper, in course of his evidence, said—"I sot i' the ditch an' seed 'em beat out the top eend of the closse, with doug between 'em; and about the middle of the third beat across, up she gets an' waits till"—with an eye on the dog—"he says 'Too!'"

Tableau—The dog on the table, ears cocked, muscles stiff, eyes starting; J. P. startled: keeper triumphant; prisoners confounded! Conviction!

Safety in Ugliness.—She was an old maiden lady, who kept house in a thriving weaving village, and was much pestered by the young knights of the shuttle constantly entrapping her serving-women into the willing noose of matrimony.

This, for various reasons, was not to be tolerated any longer. She accordingly hired a woman sufficiently ripe in years, and of a complexion the weather would not spoil.

On going with her, the first day after her arrival, to do some marketing, the two were met by a group of strapping young weavers, who were anxious to get a peep at the "leddy's new lass."

One of them, looking more eagerly in the face of the favored handmaid than the rest, and then at her mistress, could not help involuntarily exclaiming—

"Hech, mistress, ye've gotten a neat egg noo!"

Ingenious.—An Italian organ-grinder recently escaped a fine by a very ingenious excuse. He had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to "move on."

The organ-grinder stolidly ground on, and was arrested for his disturbance.

At the police court the magistrates asked him why he did not leave when requested.

"No spik Inglise," was the reply.

"Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understand his gestures—his motions."

"I tinkee he come to dance," was the rejoinder; and the magistrate let him go.

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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Nov., 22, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Chicago Vestibuled Flyer Through Sleeper to Chicago	daily 6.45 p m
Chicago and Buffalo Express Through Sleeping Cars	daily 10.00 p m
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k'd'ys 8,35, 10 a m, 4.00 p m
W'mport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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